THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

1821. THE GREAT FAMILY PAPER FOR HALF A CENTURY. 1873.

Vol. LII. H. PETERSON & CO., [illegible] PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MARCH 29, 1873. TERMS {$3.00 a Year in Advance. Single Number, 6 Cents.} No. 35.

MARCH.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY MRS. ELLEN M. MITCHELL.

Fierce and wild,
Like some unruly, boisterous child,
The month of March in fury raves,
As if the elements were waves,
And moans and shrieks and stamps and tears,
And such ferocious visage wears—
That, terrified,
Their tiny sprouts the rootlets hide.

Blinding snow
The winds in drifting eddies throw,
Or 'gainst the fences pile it high,
As if young spring they would defy.
The clouds, with threatening frown o'erhead,
Fill nature's heart with shivering dread,
While gaunt and bare,
The leafless trees toss in despair.

'Neath the ground
Are blossoms hushed in sleep profound,
Nor will they open their sweet eyes,
Until there come such glowing skies,
Such balmy breath from far-off hills,
As every pulse with rapture thrills;
Then, fragrant, bright,
What dainty bloom will greet the sight?

Fierce and wild,
Oh, month of March, like stubborn child,
Rush on in thy destructive path,
With frantic cries and shrieks of wrath,
For soon thy heart shall cease to beat.
Young April comes with hurrying feet,
And radiant mien;
But can we trust her smile serene?

Ever My Queen.

BY PIERCE EGAN.

"AUTHOR OF 'THE FLOWER OF THE FLOCK,' 'VIOLET; OR, THE WONDER OF KINGSWOOD CHASE,' 'MABEL JARRETT'S DAISY,' ETC.

THE VISCOUNT INTERRUPTS THE MEETING BETWEEN HIS WIFE AND HER GIRLHOOD'S LOVER, CLEVELAND DYBART.

CHAPTER I.

DOWN TO THE STEPPING STONES.

Blanche Etheline Viscountess Hastingleigh, Queen of Beauty in the brilliant season in which she reigned supreme in the high circles in which she moved, sat alone in a small chamber not unlike a private oratory, buried in a profound, and, as it seemed by the expression on her youthful and exquisitely fair face, agonized meditation.

The room was almost the topmost apartment in a tower of the west wing of Hastingleigh Court, which more fittingly might have been named castle. It overlooked the broad, lawn-like park, which extended down to the swift river Loddon, beyond the opposite shore, away up richly and thickly-wooded ridges, and over them to the blue mountain-tops in the utter distance.

The appointments in the chamber, nay, all the surroundings within and without, betokened princely wealth. In her own person were combined the supreme advantages of high birth, august rank, personal attractions which could scarcely be surpassed, and which still retained for her the title of Queen of Beauty, and withal she had a young and handsome husband, heir to a marquisate, who loved her passionately. It would have been therefore fair to surmise that she was, or ought to be, happy exceedingly.

One glance now at her white, rigid features was sufficient to have dispelled that illusion.

There was in her large, fawn-like eyes an affrighted, bewildered look; her small lips were blanched and tremulous, her chest, upon which her hand rested, heaved and fell under the influence of the wild beatings of her heart, indicating much inward suffering and exquisite mental torture.

In the hand near to her throat, tightly clasped, she held a letter, which, after listening breathlessly for the sound of any footsteps that might be near, she stealthily opened, cowering and shivering, and slowly perused its contents.

Perused them for perhaps the fiftieth time. Perused the written lines with terror in her eyes, with scalding tears trickling from them down her cheeks, and with faint moans of acute anguish. With mutterings of—

"Oh, I dare not! I dare not!"

Yet, was she not a woman, and did she not rise up and pace the room to give way to a woman's reasoning?

"It is so cruelly unjust to tell me that I never loved him," she murmured, piteously. "Never loved him! Heaven knows that my love for him was a mysterious fascination over which I had no power. He knew it, too—he must have seen, felt, that I could not simulate the weakness I betrayed even when I strove to conceal it from him. Yet, am I not another's, and is not his heart broken—as mine is? Would I were dead! Oh, would I were dead, and so forget all this horror, which is driving me mad!"

She wept passionately, but started in the paroxysm of her tears, for she heard three or four gun-shots fired in rapid succession. The sounds were followed by shouts of men's laughter—inebriated laughter.

She listened breathlessly, and then looking eagerly, wistfully toward the babbling, splashing, racing river in the distance, she muttered—

"Hastingleigh and his rude sporting companions are in the shooting-ground betting. They will not enter the drawing-room until late. I shall not be seen—not be missed."

She gnawed her laced handkerchief. She bit the tips of her fingers nervously, anxiously.

"He leaves England in a few days forever," she whispered, starting at the sibillations of her own breath as it passed between her lips. "He entreats a parting word. Is it, can it be a sin, to grant it—to grant it to him whom I have so deceived? Shall I not part from him forever and ever, and shall I let him fly hence cursing me? If he knew all, if he knew what I alone can reveal to him, he would pity—pardon me—and then, it may be, his grief will not continue to be so bitter, his mind so unforgiving as he has said it is."

Another succession of shots, followed by yells of boisterous laughter, arose from the open space beneath, and interrupted her; she turned from the sounds with ineffable disgust. She pressed her hands to her temples, glanced hurriedly at the rippling river, the crests of whose tiny wavelets were tinged by the declining beams of a red, angry, sullen sun, and, with a sudden decision and a curiously angry vehemence, exclaimed—

"I will go. It will be but the interchange of a few words, and all will be over. I shall be able to resist his strange, almost awful influence over me, and I shall be happier then—much happier then. All will be over between us forever—all—all over!

Disturbed, disquieted, as her mind was by the small, still voice within, which condemned her determination, and by her fears of being discovered, she little dreamed how much truth there was in those last words she uttered as she hastened from the room.

It was something more than an impulse something—more than a matter of form—something more than a maternal instinct—a something which she did not trust herself to examine, that bore her swift feet to an apartment which formed one of a suite devoted to her exclusive use.

She halted at the door before entering, as if listening for some familiar sound from within, but it was really to hastily remove from her eyes all traces of her tears, to render yet smoother the soft, shining braids of light-brown hair passing from her temples behind her ears, and to assume a calm, cold, composed demeanor, as if it were her nature, no less than a duty to the dignity of her position, to be frigid, and lofty and unruffled; as if within she was free from the turbulent emotions which were seething and bubbling there, threatening to burst from all control.

She moved almost noiselessly into a luxuriously-furnished chamber, and was instantly greeted with a cry of childish joy from a pearly, silvery voice. A lovely little girl, with a wealth of pale-brown hair for one so young clustering about her temples and neck, raised herself from the carpet on which she had been amusing herself with some costly toys, and toddled with outstretched arms toward her.

She caught her up with a little burst of enthusiasm which she had not intended to betray, and encircling her tightly, folded her to her breast, and hid her own face in her soft, shining hair.

"My darling!" she murmured, almost inaudibly; "my own sweet darling!"

Then something seemed to rise up in her throat and almost suffocate her; a hot flush crimsoned her cheeks and forehead, and a throng of hot tears suffused her eyelids. Abruptly, and with a strange impatience and petulance, she said to the nurse—

"Take her, Marchmont—take her; it is time for her to be in her cot and asleep."

Marchmont—a pale-faced woman, tall, and rather well-formed—offered to take her little charge; but as she did so, she raised her pale-gray eyes with a steel-like flash to the eyes of her mistress, only to let them fall again instantly, for she perceived that the viscountess observed her sudden, questioning look.

The little baby girl, at the same moment, not consenting to the separation between herself and mamma with equanimity, struggled, and displayed turbulence, as such miniature specimens of humanity can do when they so will. She clung to the viscountess, and screamed piteously, and the young mother was forced to fondle, caress and soothe her, in order to induce her to return to the custody of the nurse.

When the child had permitted herself to be captured, she turned her large eyes, glistening with tears—it seemed to the viscountess reproachfully—upon her, and with another apparently equally unaccountable impulse, she seized the little fairy, and again folded her to her breast, kissing her many times with passionate fervor.

Once more she caught a glimpse of Marchmont's hawk-like eye wandering over her face, and a thought flashed through her mind.

"I am betraying myself," she reflected, quickly. "This emotion is childish—foolish! I am not parting with her forever—no, no, only for to-night—no, only for to-night!"

She replaced the child, still sobbing, in the pale nurse's arms, and walking to the window, drew out her handkerchief, and passed it across her brows and eyelashes, murmuring, as if to herself—

"The night is oppressively sultry!"

The woman, Marchmont, perceived something white fall from the pocket of the viscountess when she withdrew her handkerchief from it, and quickly noted that she seemed unconscious of her loss. She affected not to have seen this, and turned partly away, although she peered anxiously into a pier-glass, to see whether or not her mistress stopped to pick up that paper, which looked so like a note—a "private and confidential" note. But the viscountess, with the same curious abruptness which she had previously exhibited, kissed the tips of her fingers to her lovely little daughter, and without a word, or even a look at the nurse, hastened from the room.

The nurse stood motionless for an instant, like a carved figure, with closed eyelids, listening intently until she heard the clang of a distant door. Then she almost flung the poor child to the floor, and pounced upon the dropped note.

It was the letter which had caused the viscountess those bitter tears in the lofty and secluded little chamber, and had forced from her those strange and grievous words.

The woman saw that the superscription was in a man's handwriting, and with trembling fingers she opened the letter and read the contents—like her mistress, read and re-read them a dozen times or more.

How her eyes expanded, her nostrils dilated, and her lips parted, while her chest heaved rapidly, as if she were panting for breath.

Again uprose in the air more shots, more shouting, and more boisterous laughing.

Her brows slowly contracted, her lips closed, and for a brief space were screwed together viciously. When they separated, she muttered, acrimoniously—

"There is time—there will be plenty of time; she shall have a good length of line, this high-born, high-bred lady mistress of mine. You will be avenged, after all, my poor mad sister Lyddy. But for this proud, lofty thing, you might have been in her place. You were as handsome as she is, as fair, as tall, as graceful, and quite as good—perhaps, as we shall see, better. Only, while she came from those who paint coronets on their carriages, you, my sister dear, are the daughter of a poor farmer—only a poor farmer's daughter. Good enough, withal, for my lord to fondle and make love to, good enough for him to work patiently, perseveringly, arduously, to win your poor heart—to win it, make it his own, and break it, as yonder brat does her toys when she grows tired of kissing them. His lordship had sworn to marry you, and he would, if *she* had not crossed his path. Well, together they have wrecked your happiness, and have driven you mad. I will crush the happiness of both with this. It is only to wait, and revenge is sure to come."

She turned to the child with set teeth and closed lips, removed its clothes in a business-like way, adorned it in its richly-laced night-dress, lay it in its cot, and even kissed it, as if that parting salute was one of her duties.

Then she placed herself at a window and watched.

"I can almost see the Stepping Stones from here," she remarked, in a low tone, and with a hard smile.

In the meantime, the viscountess had proceeded to her dressing-room, in which she found her maid awaiting her.

"Your ladyship will change your dress," the girl said, hastily, as soon as she entered the room.

"No," was the answer, uttered in a seemingly careless, indifferent tone.

"There is to be a concert, I believe, in the music-room," pursued the girl, persistently. "Has your ladyship forgotten it?"

The viscountess started—she had forgotten it. Recovering herself, she returned—

"Ah, the singing and playing people from Cheltenham! I remember now—I had forgotten it. No matter—I shall return in time!"

"Is your ladyship going down on the terrace?" inquired the maid, desiring to know what covering the viscountess would require.

"No!" answered her ladyship, coldly. "Give me my gray travelling overcloak."

The girl looked at her with some surprise, but instantly obeyed her.

As she arranged the copious folds of the dull-gray cloak, which entirely enveloped and concealed the light dress of the wearer, she exclaimed, deferentially and hesitatingly:

"May it please your ladyship that I should attend you?"

"You, Fairfield?" she exclaimed, with surprise and with some sternness. "No! Why?"

"Only, my lady, because there are very heavy clouds gathering up under the sun. There is a storm brewing, and I thought that I—"

"No—no," interrupted the viscountess, hurriedly but peremptorily. "I shall not be long absent, and I do not fear the storm. Await me here."

She moved to the door, then paused. For an instant she covered her eyes with her hand, and then, hastily removing it, she turned her face to her maid—the girl thought it looked painfully white—and said, with a curling lip—

"If his lordship should inquire for me before my return, you may say that I have gone to pay a brief visit of consolation to the poor mad girl, Lydia Marchmont."

The girl was about to utter an ejaculation of amazement, but the viscountess waved her hand to forbid reply, and hurried away.

She knew how to quit the mansion without attracting attention, and she went with a quick step through the shrubbery into a plantation, through which there was a right-of-way in the form of a path leading down to the river, rendering it fordable by a chain of stepping-stones, easy enough to cross during the hot summer time when the water was low, but a somewhat hazardous feat after there had been much rain. The bed of the river on both sides of the stones was of most unequal depths—in some places being not more than eighteen inches deep, and in others ten and twelve feet.

The bed of the river was on an incline sufficiently steep to cause the waters at all times to flow with a very powerful current, and the principal danger when the waters were high was in the slippiness of the stones. Any one who toppled over at that time was inevitably borne some distance before he or she could recover a footing, and it was well for the lives of those who could not swim if they were not hurried into pools beyond their depth. In such instances fatal results but too surely ensued.

The viscountess, when beneath the shadow of the tall trees, looked eagerly and anxiously in every direction, peering along the sinuous path before her, and at the portion she had passed over. She peered nervously beneath the tall shrubs and straggling brushwood, and she listened with a rapidly-beating heart for the sounds of footsteps advancing or following—sounds she wished not to hear—sounds which she apprehended with a fear not short of an agony.

But save the sound of a falling leaf, the startling flutter of a surprised bird as it flew shrieking away, nothing met her ear or eye, and she gained the banks of the river and the margin of the Stepping Stones, as she believed, quite unobserved.

There had been recently a succession of heavy rain-storms. The river was unusually full, and, therefore, more than ordinarily swift in its progress. The agitated waters leaped up and around the rough blocks of stone which formed the crossing and impeded its progress, surged between the interstices, gurgling and moaning, and throwing up white frothy bubbles. Wavelets more lively than others would run over the stones, spreading in a thin film, and leaving a green oozy slime, which made them dangerous to tread on. To persons accustomed to the passage not much heed was taken of this, and there seemed to be nothing very perilous in the exploit, unless undertaken in uncertain light.

The viscountess involuntarily shuddered as she gazed on the swiftly-flowing waters, and turned her face impulsively toward Hastingleigh Court, as if she had suddenly heard the wailing cry of her child.

At the same moment the bell in the clock-tower chimed eight, and turning her face, which assumed a rigid expression, to the Stepping Stones, she muttered—

"It is but to clasp hands, to forgive and be forgiven, then part forever—forever—that is all! Heaven support me through the trial."

She drew her cloak closely about her, ventured on to the Stepping Stones, stepped lightly from one to the other, once or twice felt dizzy and as if she must scream with terror, but a pair of deep, dark-brown eyes seemed to look into hers appealingly, entreatingly, and she kept on.

She crossed in safety. Then she looked back no more, but taking a winding path, which led up between a mass of dark, irregularly-planted trees, almost immediately disappeared from view.

Nurse Marchmont watched the river patiently until she heard the clock chime eight, and almost simultaneously she detected a shadow moving across the water, although she was a considerable distance from them, and could not quite see the Stepping Stones. But the last rays of the sun, threatened by the slowly-rising bank of murky, crimson-tipped masses of cloud beneath, shone with vivid brilliancy on the dancing waves, and the shadow fleeting across them was so sharply and accurately defined, that she was prepared to make oath that it was one habited as a woman who was passing from one brink of the river to the other.

With a vindictive glitter in her hard gray eyes she retired from her post, and passed through corridors and chambers until, as she had anticipated, she came within sound of the voice of the Viscount Hastingleigh. Then she directed her steps so that, apparently by chance, she should cross his path.

Hardly a minute elapsed ere to her great satisfaction, he appeared, advancing toward her, and alone.

He was a young, slim, fair, handsome man, with a blonde moustache. His cheeks were flushed by excitement and by wine, and his step was a little unsteady.

He started on perceiving the nurse, and a change passed over his features. He bent his brow, and for an instant compressed his lips; but he made an impatient movement with his hand, and ejaculated, as if to himself—

"Pshaw! It was more her fault than mine!"

He drew himself up, and, nodding, essaying a patronizing smile.

"Ah! Nurse Marchmont," he exclaimed, a little thickly, "well—a—how's your—"

"Sister, my lord!" interpolated the woman, on his pausing as if he had stopped for a word.

"No!" he thundered, angrily. "My daughter—my darling child!"

The nurse smiled in reply in so significant a fashion as to sting him. He could not comprehend that curl of contempt upon her lip, nor endure it. She saw its effect, and with a slight shrug of her shoulders, said, quietly—

"The viscountess, my lord, will be able to give you a favorable report, I am quite sure—on her return to the Court.

"Return?" repeated the viscount. "Is not her ladyship in her dressing-room?"

"No, my lord," answered the nurse, with a peculiar distinctness. "I saw her ladyship proceeding very quickly down to the Stepping Stones, not many minutes ago."

"The Stepping Stones!" he echoed, as if he had not heard her aright.

"Yes, my lord," answered the woman, with a sudden gleam in her eyes, as she brought forth the letter she had picked up. "Her ladyship visited the nursery just before she went out, and dropped this letter. I did not see it until after her ladyship had left. Perhaps your lordship will be good enough to take charge of it, and return it to her?"

With this she placed the note in the viscount's hand, and glided noiselessly and swiftly away.

Under ordinary circumstances, he would either have refused to receive the note, or would have as soon thought of perusing its contents as of breaking the seal of a private communication addressed to another individual a stranger to him; but the woman's scornful glances, the half-triumphant, half-malignant expression on her face, and the unpleasant suspicions engendered by the sinister tones of her voice, compelled him to look at the superscription.

He was the more induced to do this from the fact that his relations with Nurse Marchmont had been something different to those of master and servant.

She had disappeared when his eye ran over the address. He perceived that it was written, not only by a man's hand, but by an educated hand.

He had, up to this moment, never doubted his wife, although she had, as a rule, been less frank with him than he could have wished, but now a strange chill crept over him, and he gripped the note tightly as he made his way to an untenanted room. He closed the door behind him and turned the key, then he strode to a window, and by the rays of the declining sun read the contents of the letter, which ran thus:

"I have a favor to ask, Etheline. It is a small one. You, in the old, happy days, who granted me so many and *such* favors, will not refuse me this. I had thought never to see you again, to think of you with only bitter anathemas on my lips, but an inkling of justice causes me to wish to receive from your own mouth an explanation of the conduct which has shattered my life. You, who have so often vowed that your love for me was undivided, unblemished by a selfish thought, and as enduring as your own life—who have sought to prove your passionate, endearing assertions by caresses no less passionate—cannot, in simple deference to your own reputation, refuse to repeat to my ear what circumstances were so imperative as to compel a change which, wronged as I have been, I cannot lead myself to believe is attributable to fickleness or mere caprice. I leave England in a few days. I have exchanged into a regiment on active service in India. A little hard fighting will suit my present frame of mind. Yet before I leave this land forever I wish to have a parting word with you. I will be until after sunset at the Hermit's Dell, in the belt of trees upon the ridge to the left of the landing-place from the Stepping Stones. If you come not, I shall quit England, and leave you as a legacy my withering, bitterest curse. If you grant me the favor I request, it may be that I shall part with you with words of forgiveness on my lips, although with a heart broken—utterly broken."

Viscount Hastingleigh read on to the bitter end with fiery rapidity; and when he had ended a thousand wild, unjust thoughts thronged through his brain. He felt cold, and sick, and faint—he panted and gasped for breath as if about to swoon. At length he muttered, hoarsely—

"And she has gone to him! Gone! Great Heaven! what a thing she would make me—perhaps has made me!"

He groaned, and a deathly cold perspiration stood thickly on his brow.

"My honor is dearer to me than my life," he murmured between his grating teeth; "and so this foul woman shall find!"

He hastened to his dressing-room, and, proceeding to a cabinet, he unlocked it and brought forth a case of duelling pistols. He opened it, examined the weapons with what seemed, in the excitement under which he labored, a nice care. Then he loaded both, replaced them, and locked the case, threw on a thin, dark overcoat, beneath which he concealed the duelling-case, caught up a hat, and quitted the room.

In the corridor he encountered Fairfield, the Lady Hastingleigh's maid, and, as if to further confirm the statement of Nurse Marchmont, he said to her, abruptly—

"Is her ladyship in her dressing-room?"

"No, my lord," replied the attendant, hastily. "Her ladyship has gone out. She bade me tell you, if you inquired, that she had gone to pay a brief visit of consolation to poor mad Lydia Marchmont."

A passionate growl of rage burst from his lordship's lips on hearing this, and, to the maid's astonishment, he ran from her like a maniac.

In a minute or so more he was striding across the park in the same direction Lady Hastingleigh had taken.

Nurse Marchmont had already taken up her post at the same window from which she had watched the viscountess taking her way to the Stepping Stones, and with a smile of grim triumph she observed the viscount hurrying toward them too.

"Retribution!" she muttered between her set teeth.

She watched with intense eagerness until she saw the shadow of a man fall on the fretting waters, and perceived it flit across them as if it were the misty reflection of a fleeting phantom. Then she turned from the window, and with a harsh, grating laugh exclaimed, in a low tone—

"Lyddy, my girl, her reign has been but a short one, after all. Who knows, if you only get your wits back, but you may be lady of Hastingleigh Court yet?"

CHAPTER II.

ACROSS THE STEPPING STONES.

Upward along the winding, stony path the beautiful and spiritlike Viscountess Hastingleigh pursued, with hurried step, her way.

She had crossed the Stepping Stones un-

emotions of fear, although they were in a dangerous condition from the rising floods, notheeding the plashing of the wet spray over her tiny feet and skirts, unmindful of aught but the secluded spot to which she was directing her steps, and an indefinable sense of dread in the secret knowledge that he was standing there to upbraid her bitterly.

As one might lead a forlorn hope, staring death in the eye, she went on and on until she observed a narrow track diverging abruptly from the main path She took that route, scarcely perceptible in the increasing gloom of the evening, and followed it until it led her into a dell, curtained and surrounded with numberless dark trees, the linden, elm, birch and beech, uprising stark and silent in the windless heaven.

Above, the sky was visible, and through the topmost branches of the largest elm darted a few of the sun's last crimson rays. They fell upon a rocky, jagged part of the hillside, from a crevice in which oozed a silvery stream of water, forming a diminutive cascade, until it was caught in a roughly-hewn basin. This it overflowed, and descended in diamonded lines into a gulley, beneath whence it ran murmuring away, by a channel known only to itself, to the river, at least two hundred feet below.

By the side of this natural fountain was a rude stone bench, upon which was seated a man, whose elbows were resting upon his knees and his face buried in his hands. The deep red rays of the departing sun rested upon him as well as upon the fountain, and gave to his form an almost supernatural appearance.

The viscountess, however, recognized the figure instantly; yet though she had journeyed thither in the full expectation of meeting with it, she seemed to feel a dead, dull blow on her heart, then a cold thrill pervade her frame, the moment her eyes fell upon it.

It may have been that her conscience smote her when she beheld the pensive attitude he had fallen into, for she but too well knew that he had not brought the suffering she believed him to be enduring upon himself. Whatever it was it inspired her with an almost irresistible impulse to cast herself upon her knees at his feet, and plead for mercy and forgiveness.

Before, however, she had the opportunity of betraying how much anguish she suffered too, he suddenly withdrew his hands from before his eyes, gazed wildly at her for a moment, and then sprang to his feet.

Three or four strides and he confronted her, and closely. She looked eagerly, wistfully, pitifully up into his face, as she perused, with a swift glance, his handsome features.

For they were handsome, there was no doubt of that. His large, deep-brown, almost black eyes were brilliant as stars. His dark-brown hair sat in clusters round his temple and behind his ears. Moustaches and beard, too, were faultless alike, but his complexion was pale, waxen, and he looked like one who had risen up from a fierce wrestle with death—alive, and that was all.

He smiled—so ghostly—so ghastly she almost screamed as she saw it, for the contrast between it and the old smile she but too well remembered was terrible. He tried twice or thrice to speak, but somehow his breath came soundlessly through his lips. Then he laughed harshly, and with a light, mocking manner he forced out—

"So you have come at last, fair Viscountess Hastingleigh?"

Something in his look, in his tone, in the style of her reception, seemed to startle her as if he had smitten her with a lash; and as if she were slowly changing into ice, she responded faintly—

"I am here, Cleveland Dysart!"

He started in his turn at the icy sound of her voice. Nevertheless, still preserving the laughing, half-insolent, half-sarcastic bearing he had just assumed, he responded—

"And I am grateful for small mercies, viscountess, as you shall presently know. Permit me to hand you to yonder seat, while we talk together—not exactly as of old, you know, but still—talk."

She remained motionless when he stretched forth his hand, and he, seeing that his request was tacitly refused, continued, with a jeering accent—

"What, may I not touch your dainty hand—not even your finger-tips? No! Well, be it so. You have prepared me for changes—such changes! Why should I feel amazed? To be sure I remember when your small, pink-tinged fingers would seek my palm, and suffer themselves to be enclosed with a tender pressure—ah! a tender pressure—and seem loath to quit their resting-place, and now I may not even touch them."

He shrugged his shoulders as she remained silent, and added, with a constrained bow—

"Viscountess, may I pray you to be seated?"

"I will remain where I stand," she returned, in a low, frigid tone; but, withal, her lip quivered, and her eyes, though fastened upon the grass at her feet, ached to seek his again—ached, while an inward monitor whispered—

"It may not be! Never more! never more!"

"Ah!" he rejoined, with bitterness, "I had forgotten. You are no longer free. You are shackled with stronger bond than steel manacles. You are another's—you who were to have been mine. Nay, I thought you were. Idiot that I proved, I believed in you, until you enlightened me as to the value of a woman's word—"

"Cleveland!" she moaned, interposingly.

"Her word!" he pursued, caustically. "I wrong her—not her simple, bare word—no, her troth, her plighted troth—her vow voluntarily tendered with burning lips."

"Cleveland!" she again faltered, entreatingly.

"How dazzling the words were—how bright they seemed!" he continued, with a sneer. "Brilliant as the silvery beams of an unflecked moon, and as unstable. Ha! ha! Mere moonshine, of course!"

He laughed dryly and hardly, and she shivered at the tone. Once his voice had been rich and round, and soft as the sweetest tones of a flute. Now it sounded shrill and harsh in her ears.

She pressed her hands to her neck, for she felt as if she were suffocating, and, endeavoring to speak with distinctness and firmness, she said, coldly—

"I came here at your bidding, to explain what appears to you to be on my part heartless falsity—to reveal to you the cruel truth—to leave you then to judge of me as you will, and to say farewell forever."

"Forever!" he exclaimed, with fierce assent.

"Forever!" she repeated, with bowed head.

"Go on, Viscountess Hastingleigh.

She stopped him passionately.

"Do not call me by that name," she exclaimed, appealingly. "Not you—I cannot bear it. I have only heard Etheline from your lips—call me Etheline!"

"No!" he returned, peremptorily.

She fell back a pace or two, and with extreme difficulty repressed a cry of anguish.

"Be it so," she murmured at length. "I cannot reproach you, and—and—you have asked me for an explanation—let me deliver it—I will keep back nothing—and then let me go my way—forever!"

"Forever more!" he exclaimed guttorally.

She drew a deep breath, wrung her hands, pressed her fingers to her eyes to force back hot tears, and struggled with two or three irrepressible gasping sobs; then she commenced her task—to her, most terrible task.

He heard those sobs, and but for a strong will would have betrayed how acutely they wrung his heart. He folded his arms, stood like a stone figure, and first biting his upper lip so as almost to fetch the blood, he said—

"Proceed, Lady Hastingleigh. You perceive I am all attention. I need hardly suggest, I think, that I am somewhat concerned, and, therefore, interested in what you may have to communicate to me."

There was such sharp irony in his tone and words that they made her heart feel as if it was shrinking and withering up.

She had been prepared for a stormy interview—for impetuous charges, for fierce reproaches and passionate upbraidings—but not for his polite scoffing.

But it had to be borne, and if it was painful and humiliating, it would, perhaps, help to diminish at the moment of parting for all time an agony which otherwise might prove unendurable.

She made a remarkable effort to recover self-possession and calmness, and to speak with evenness and clearness.

"Mr. Dysart—" she commenced.

He instantly bowed, and exclaimed—

"I thank you, Lady Hastingleigh."

She would far rather he had stabbed her than that he should have uttered those words. She did not, however, appear to take heed of them, but continued as if they had not reached her ears.

"I will not revert to events which preceded our last interview," she said, with a slight quiver of the lip.

"No, pray do not," he returned, quickly; "or, at least, touch them with the tenderest care, because you know on that occasion your lips were linked to mine with an ardent pressure, which was ridiculously like earnestness and sincerity, and—you are another's now."

She could have shrieked at this taunt, but she controlled herself.

"I have caused him to treat me thus," she thought, "and I must bear it."

Then she proceeded, in low, rapid tones, to say—

"You know that my father, Lord Pawlett, had a passion for racing as a sport; that he possessed an extensive stud of horses, and that he devoted a very large portion of his time to the pursuit. You did not know, nor did my dear mamma, surely not I, that with that infatuation he was also addicted to the gaming table; but so it turned out, At times, I suppose, he was highly successful, so that he did not endanger his fortune, but there came a time when a frenzy for 'plunging' set in among these gamblers and sportsmen. Do you know the meaning of that horrible word, Cleve—Mr. Dysart?"

"Only so far as it refers to the making bets which involve the loss or gain of immense sums at one throw," he returned coldly.

"It is even that," she rejoined, almost meekly. "Lord Pawlett 'plunged,' was unfortunate, and was, it appeared, hopelessly and inextricably ruined. Shortly before this I had met Viscount Hastingleigh—"

"A racing man and 'plunger' too!" interpolated Cleveland Dysart, with a sneer.

"A racing man and plunger, too!" she assented, in the same spiritless way as before. "It was at Goodwood, when we were guests of the duke, and he was so unfortunate as to conceive a strong liking—love, if you will—for me!"

"Unfortunate!" repeated Cleveland, with a harsh laugh.

"Do you question the term?" she exclaimed, with a significance which he wrongly interpreted, for he was selfish in his despair.

"No," he returned, with a curling lip. "Certainly, it is not for me to dispute that expression with you."

The viscountess closed her eyes as if a spasm of pain was racking her breast, but in a moment she went on—

"The viscount was—is—enormously wealthy, and it was to him that Lord Pawlett was mainly indebted. I do not know to what extent the indebtedness attained. I did not inquire into or seek to know the wretched, horrible details. It was far too much for me to hear that utter ruin had come by losses and transactions, in bills or something of that sort, which entailed exposure, obloquy, disgrace beyond redemption. At this very juncture the viscount proposed for my hand in marriage. Lord Pawlett clutched at it as a sinking man grasps at a reed, and accepted for me. He sent for me to the library, and briefly communicated to me what had been done, as he would have instructed one of his jockeys to win a race for him, the result being a foregone conclusion."

"Like an obedient daughter, you thanked him rapturously, and knelt down to him for his blessing," suggested Cleveland, disdainfully.

"Do not spare me," she responded, with deep emotion. "I have been made to suffer and endure; why should you spare me?"

"Ah, woman, why, indeed, should I spare you?" he exclaimed, with a frenzied burst, turning away and tossing his clenched hands in the air. Yet a moment more and he checked himself, muttering, "What a fool am I to show her who has no heart that mine is human."

He turned to her, and in a subdued voice added—

"Pardon my unmannered interruption. I have a too sensitive memory, and, unhappily, at times cannot control it. Pray go on. Your narrative deepens in interest at each word."

"It should do so," she responded, wearily. "It has cost me—but that is a consideration which may not move you; I will not again allude to it. You were right in supposing that I fell at his feet; but it was to beseech him rather to slay me than to dispose of my hand—nay, my life. I know not what I said, save that I had no heart to give, no love to part with, and I would die rather than give my hand without my heart, therefore without love, therefore without respect. It seems to me to have been a horrible dream, in which I beheld him in a paroxysm of rage, tears, frenzied beseechings, pouring out revelations of dishonor, beggary, despair, destruction—now tearing his white hair from his head, now at my feet clasping my hands, and begging me, in shrill, piteous accents, to save him. I have a dim sense of being enfolded in my mother's embrace, of hearing her sobbing lips utter, 'Save us, my darling Etheline. I—"

The viscountess gave a start of fright at this moment, and with suspended breath listened to a high, clear woman's voice, which, sounding at no great distance among the trees, sang, with sweet, plaintive pathos—

"Auld Robin argued sair; though my mither didna speak,
She looked in my face till my heart was like to break;
So they gied him my hand though my heart was at the sea,
And auld Robin Gray is a gude man to me."

The voice died away at the last word. It was succeeded by a wailing sob, and then a grim silence.

"Great Heaven! who was that?" murmured the viscountess, in unfeigned alarm.

"Fear not," rejoined Cleveland, calmly, although for the moment he had been disquieted. "It is a poor, crazed girl who wandered into this dell a short time back. I thought at first it was you, Ethel—your ladyship—but I soon found that disappointed love had driven her mad. Foolish child! We retain our wits, do we not, viscountess?"

She did not answer him, but she gazed steadfastly in his face. There was an expression in her eyes which smote him painfully, and extorted a deep, bitter sigh from his lips. He drooped his lids, and murmured—

"What more is there to come?"

"What more need I tell you?" she returned, wofully. "I was not adamant, and they sacrificed me."

"And me," he exclaimed, with an angered bitterness that startled her; "for you have broken my heart."

"They have broken mine," she exclaimed, in a tone of poignant suffering, which he felt was not simulated, and told her story in plainer language than any other she could have adopted.

There was a momentary silence between them, which was interrupted again by the hidden singer, who, in the same sorrowful, pathetic voice, chanted—

"I wish I were dead, but I'm nae like to dee,
And why do I live to say wae's me?"

The viscountess gazed anxiously in the direction from whence the sound proceeded, as if she expected and feared to see the hidden vocalist suddenly force her way through the undergrowth a short distance from them in the gloom.

"Be not alarmed, exclaimed Cleveland, in a kinder tone than he had yet adopted. "The poor girl, though her brain is affected, appears to be quite harmless."

The viscountess shook her head sadly.

"I fear nothing from her," she answered, with an unsuppressed sigh. "I know her. She bears the name of Lydia Marchmont. She has unhappily been deceived by one whose duty, if the rumor I have heard to be true, was to protect her, and not disgrace her."

Then she paused, and stood motionless, with bent head, waiting for him to speak, for she had told him enough respecting what had happened to her for him to guess the rest, and it was for him to acknowledge that in being faithless to her pledged troth to him she was not absolutely all guilty.

He, too, seemed to feel that it was for him to respond in some way to her confession, and after a momentary pause he drew a little nearer to her, and said, in a low voice, tremulous with deep feeling—

"So they bartered you for gold, Etheline?"

Ah! what a passionate burst of tears the utterance of that familiar name extorted from her. For an instant it seemed as if she would fling herself upon his breast and hide her face there; but she shrouded it with her hand, and staggered back, crying—

"Do not call me by that name again! In mercy to me, I implore you not to do it!"

"Did you not reproach me for calling you by your—legal title?" he demanded, hastily. "Did you not request me to call you by the old dearly-loved and cherished name?"

She groaned, and speaking spasmodically, exclaimed, quite hoarsely—

"I see now—I recognize in your distant manner—the thoughtful spirit of kindness you ever displayed to me. I see now the broad, deep, hideous gulf which yawns between us. I have told you that, to save those who gave me life, I have made that life desolate, and have added to it a crime—that of destroying your peace. Cleveland, shrink from me, recoil from me, avoid me, call me by harsh and bitter names, as to you I seem to deserve; but I pray you to believe that I am what I am only on dire compulsion, and on—on my knees, if you will, I will implore you not to curse my memory, but, on the contrary, pity me in my deep unhappiness, even though you can never—never forgive me."

"I so loved you," Etheline," he cried, with unconcealed emotion, "so adored you. I worshipped your lightest look, the sound of your faintest step, the softest rustle of the hem of your garment. Why did you not come to me in your deep distress? I have wealth—I have resources. Had the sum for which they sold you been thrice—ten times—the amount, I would have secured it, and saved you."

"I thought of that. Oh, Cleveland, I thought of that!" she returned, eagerly. "But money was not alone the means of saving him from penury and infamy. Had it been mere poverty I would have faced it, and struggled with it in poverty to the bitter end; but I was not equal to the task of seeing his white hairs trampled in the dust in dishonor, and, Heaven help me now, for his sake I destroyed the light of my life!"

"And mine!" he again appended, despairingly.

"I pray not," she rejoined, quickly. "You are young, possessed of attractions such as will compel the love of many younger, fairer, better in all respects than myself; and you may yet know what happiness is. For myself, I look forward only to the consolation that I have won your pity, if not your forgiveness, and that you will forget me."

A vivid flash of lightning at this instant lit up the dell, and then left it far darker than it was before. Both, however, were too deeply absorbed by their own feelings to take much heed of this intimation of a coming storm.

"Forget you?" pursued Cleveland, indignantly. "Think you my love was as evanescent as yonder flash of lightning? No; I loved you, Etheline, with my whole soul, without an admixture or alloy of any kind. Rather than have given my hand to another—transfer my affections I could not, for I still love you dearly, wildly, madly—I would have put a pistol to my temple and unbidden have entered the Unknown Land. You should have known this—you who have rested on my breast with your arms twined about my neck, who have pressed your lips to mine, vowing that you loved me dearer than life, and would be true to me through all temptation. No; it may be your part to forget—"

"Impossible!"

"To transfer the love I thought all—all my own."

"Never!"

"Why, have you not sworn to *love*, honor and obey?"

"Not to love—no, to obey—to honor."

"I join issue there," abruptly exclaimed the voice of a man a few paces from them.

He had approached so stealthily that they had not only not detected him approaching, but had not heard even the slightest sound of his footsteps.

In the gloom they could not quite decipher his form, and a harsh huskiness in the voice prevented at least the viscountess from recognizing the new comer.

But a bright, vivid flash of lurid lightning again making the interior of the dell as light as day, she perceived that the stranger who spoke was her husband, the Viscount Hastingleigh.

With a piercing shriek, she turned and fled from the dell.

Cleveland Dysart stood motionless, uncertain what to do, but the viscount quickly decided for him, saying—

"You do not possibly know to a certainty who I am. I happen to be Hastingleigh, the husband of the individual who has this moment left us with such impetuosity. You will understand now that the world is far too small to contain us both. I have a case of duelling-pistols with me, and one of us alone can leave this dell alive. Do you comprehend?"

"Fully!"

"Do you agree?"

"With all my heart!"

Again a fearful flash of lightning suspended their conversation, as it had that of Cleveland and the viscountess. It was followed by a shrill shriek from a woman not a hundred paces from them, then a strange and awful blackness suddenly seemed to envelope them, as a dull, distant booming of thunder caught their ears.

The viscount only laughed viciously. Kneeling down he placed the duelling-case on the turf, and groped for the key-hole in order to unlock it.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

MURPHY'S MASTER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LOST HIS MASSINGBERD"

CHAPTER XV.

MAGUIRE'S ULTIMATUM.

The revelation of this view of his patron was to Robert in itself sufficiently overwhelming, but what was still more terrible was the reflection, "And with this man I have cast in my lot, and not only mine, but Lizzy's!" In the bitterness of his heart he groaned and bowed his face between his hands.

"Come, come, look up," cried Maguire encouragingly; "it is no use hiding one's head like an ostrich, to escape from an inevitable position. You called me a liar, you, know, and that perhaps made me acquaint you with these little particulars, more abruptly than was judicious. You believe me *now*, I suppose; or will do so when you have read that newspaper?"

"Take it away!" ejaculated Robert, with a gesture of loathing; "I am convinced enough."

"Now, that is what I call a proof of sense," observed Maguire, in a congratulatory tone. "The object of a newspaper writer is, of course, to harrow the feelings; and therefore, when you want any dramatic incident communicated to you in a delicate way, it is better to trust to a friend. What happened at Falston, stripped of cant and sensation, was, as I understand, something of this kind; the brothers had a private interview, in which Frank talked of his mother's memory and his father's dying wishes, and Lewis listened, not with very particular attention, his thoughts being probably entirely engrossed by his own affairs; but when the question was directly put to him: 'Are you going to fulfil the promise that you gave our father in my presence, in regard to the distribution of his property, or do you intend to take the whole, since the law awards it you?' I have not the least doubt that he replied, with great distinctness: 'I mean to take the whole.' Perhaps he added (for he was a consummate hypocrite), that painful as it was to him to arrive at this determination, he had done so no less on public grounds than private, inasmuch as he should deem it dangerous to the state to entrust a man of 'dear Franks' revolutionary sentiments with the means to carry them into practical effect. At all events, whatever he said, he said too much. Frank's head had long been 'going;' from a child, he was subject to paroxysms of passion, which, compared with what people call 'temper,' were as a tornado to a capful of wind; and of late years they had been growing worse and worse. He had begun to drink, too, though not to the extent that he drinks now. You must forgive him *that*, since it was done, I fancy, to drown the remembrance of the event which I am now about to relate, and for which he is so foolish as to entertain remorse. Well, being in his hot-headed state, and excessively exasperated, while the other was contemptuous and arrogant, there is no wonder that there were high words; then—I don't know who struck them first, that is a nice question for the lawyers, then blows. In the end ensued a dreadful rough and tumble, out of which Lewis never came at all, for he was left dead on the hearth-rug, with the front lock of his brother's hair in his hand, which he had torn up by the roots. The reason Frank always wears a skull-cap is to conceal that wound; and now you know why the officer at Liverpool was so careful to pass his hand over everybody's head who at all resembled Kavanagh. The disguise he had assumed as Denton, however, pulled him safely through that ordeal, which was fortunate for the inspector also, who would, without doubt, have shown his sagacity at the expense of his life. After the trouble and pains that Murphy and the rest of us had been at to get the young master safely on board the Star, and surrounded by his own friends, it is not likely that we would have let him be snatched from their hands at the moment of escape."

"But he is not safe *now*," ejaculated Robert; "directly he disclosed who he was, he surely became liable to apprehension, even on board the Star!"

"No doubt," observed Maguire grimly; "if there had been anybody fool enough to apprehend him. It is more than likely, however, that the captain was himself ignorant of the serious character of Kavanagh's crime; and, at all events, he knew that he had become irresponsible for it."

"Irresponsible for it? How could that be?"

"Because," answered Maguire, leaning across the table, and speaking in hushed tones, "the man is *mad*, mad as a March hare five days out of every six; and, when drunk, always mad. You saw him once yourself in the latter state, and thought it was D. T. I suppose. Well, so it was; but it was something else besides. He was going through the whole performance that took place at Falston, as he often does. '*There, there he stands with his strangled face!*' he cries. '*He struck me first; I'll swear it.*' And then, '*Help, help!*' the echo of the cry his brother gave, or perhaps his own terrified call to Murphy, when the knowledge of what he had done first forced itself upon him."

"Poor miserable man!" exclaimed Robert, pityingly.

"Well, no, not *poor*," answered Maguire, coolly. "The one sensible thing that Frank Kavanagh ever did, or rather which (as I shrewly guess) Murphy did for him, was to carry off from Falston Hall that parcel of bank-notes which his father had designed for him, and always kept in his desk ready for an emergency—though he little guessed of what sort the emergency would be. I believe this amounted to many thousand pounds, from which we on *Murphy's Island* have already reaped the benefit."

"You think, then, that Mr. Fank was mad, or nearly so, before the aggravation of his brother's meanness made him lose all command over himself and commit this terrible deed?" observed Robert, shocked by the revelation of his patron's crime, and genuinely anxious to believe him guiltless of it.

"I believe he was always crackedbrained," answered Maguire, coolly, ("though his friends used to call it enthusiasm,) and that the fissure has been growing wider and wider."

"And yet," urged Robert, "on all occasions on which I have seen him, save one, he has appeared sane enough."

"You have seen him in lucid intervals, and besides, the voyage itself greatly benefitted him for the time; but since he has been ashore here, matters have been infinitely worse: remorse and drink together have undermined the remainder of his wits, and they have fallen in, higgledy-piggledy."

"Then, if he was to be sent for from England, and taken prisoner, you don't think he could"—Robert hesitated, for he did not forget that Kavanagh had been uniformly kind to him, and had trusted to his bare word in the weightiest matters.

"Don't think he could be *hanged?* you were going to say, man. No, he could not be hanged, if that is any sort of satisfaction to you But what interests me greatly more than that far-off contingency is, how his madness is likely to affect us in the meantime There is no lunatic asylum on Murphy's Island; and if there were, it would be as much as our lives were worth to attempt to shut him up in it. For Murphy will never believe, even when he sees him raving, that his master is anything more than a little eccentric, and would obey his wildest mandate rather than the advice of the sagest of men; while as for the lag-rag and bob-tail over at the harbor yonder, they will believe anything that Murphy tells them. For all we know, when the fit is on him Kavanagh may give orders for our immediate execution, as indeed has happened to one poor wretch already."

"You don't mean to say that he put a man to death?" exclaimed Robert, in horrified accents.

"Indeed, I do, though. He was tried by a sort of court martial for trying to make off with the 'gig'—it is now made a capital offence, by-the-bye, to leave the island without Kavanagh's permission—and they strung him up in front of the Government House. As it happened, it was only a Tipperary boy, but it might have been you or me. Well, all this brings me round to the matter which I had in my mind when I brought you over to New Town. The people here are not quite such fools as they are at the harbour; *there*, the boys are so entirely under Murphy's thumb, that they did not dare to whisper to you that the governor was ill, whereas *here*, you were informed of it, as you remember, readily enough; and, moreover, I am glad to say, they have had a disagreement with one another. "Now, 'When fools quarrel, wise men come by their own,' says the proverb, or something to that effect. And now, perhaps, you see at what I have been driving?"

"Not exactly; no, I confess I don't," said Robert, suspiciously. His former interest in, and even regard for, Maguire was indeed swept away. The circumstances in which they were now placed no longer admitted of his looking upon that personage as a harmless nonentity; the calm and almost approving manner in which he had narrated this story of Cain and Abel had shocked the lad to the core; what he had taken for candor in the man, he now perceived to be an unblushing recklessness; he feared his sanity almost as much as Kavanagh's madness.

"Your are duller than you are wont to be, Master Chesney," observed Maguire. "Why, is it not clear that you and I are the only two men on this island with brains in their head, save one who has them muddled If this madman and his man were out of the way, the rest, look you, would be our subjects."

"Granting that," answered Robert, quietly, "for the sake of the argument: how do you propose to persuade Mr. Kavanagh and Murphy to leave the island?"

"I think I *could* persuade them," answered Maguire, with a cold smile. "At all events, you may leave that matter to me. I have influence with both factions, and you are not disliked by either; moreover, you will have the advantage of such authority as Kavanagh may leave behind him. Why should we not make alliance and reign together peaceably over this little territory; I don't pretend to conceal from you, that if you had more spirit, or had not been spoilt by a mawkish bringing up, that I should have proposed a bolder game—such as I very nearly persuaded Kavanagh to play."

"You would have revived the days you spent on board the *Mother Carey*, on shore, I presume?" said Robert, in as indifferent a tone as he could compass.

"I would, by Heaven?" answered Maguire, roundly. "We could have had our own ship in yonder harbor, and done a good trade, of which no one would have suspected us; and when folks in little vessels dropped in upon us by accident, we should have welcomed them so warmly that they would never have gone away. But you are not fit for such bold strokes, so I think of them no longer. We must be content to call this isle our own, and to have no masters—which is no small thing in these days. You, I hear, are expecting your sweetheart from England!"

In spite of himself, here Robert could not repress a shudder; how terrible had the bare idea become of bringing his Lizzy to such a spot; too horrible even to think of, but that he had already formed a plan in his own mind by which such a catastrophe should be averted.

"Well, I have also fixed my affections upon a young lass from King's County," continued Maguire; "to be sure they are not at present returned, but no doubt they will be, when I can call myself co-governor. Altogether, the prospect seems to me very fair and promising for us both, but especially for yourself, who are far the younger man, and will have the sole command when I am under ground, or feeding the fishes. So stands my offer, lad, in return for your alliance. I regret to add—but then it is so much better to be explicit—that if you should decline it, there is an unpleasant reverse to the picture. I have still the ear of the governor, when at least he can be got to listen to anybody, and also the confidence of Murphy; and I have only to whisper that this ambitious scheme has sprung from your own head, instead of mine, to make you dance in the air in front of Government House. Just think over the whole matter, lad, and then answer me 'Yes' or 'No.'" Here Maguire lit his pipe, leaned back in his chair, and began to occupy himself with the newspaper, so as not to interfere with his young friend's deliberations. Robert had already made up his mind as to his future course of conduct, but he thought it better to appear undecided, and to temporize as much as possible.

"Indeed, Mr. Maguire," returned he, after a considerable pause, "all that you have told me is so strange and unlooked-for, that I must be forgiven for saying that I can promise nothing until I have satisfied myself of the facts you have narrated with my own eyes and ears. Until I have convinced myself that Mr. Kavanagh *is* mad, I don't see how you can reasonably expect me to deny him my allegiance."

"That would be well enough in a believer in the Divine Right of kings," observed Maguire carelessly, "but in a person of such delicate moral scruples as yourself, the fact of his having committed a double murder ought to weigh somewhat, I should have thought, against his authority. However, there is no hurry about anything in *Murphy's Island*, and you have only to see its governor, to be convinced of what I have told you about him. Preserve your decision till to-morrow, or the next day, for that matter, and then tell me frankly whether we are to be friends or foes." The tone of the speaker was still one of conciliation; but he spoke with knitted brows, and with the air of one who is putting a strong restraint upon himself; moreover, there was a suspicious searching glance in his keen gray eyes, that bespoke but little confidence in the decision, which he had requested, proving favorable to his views.

"Well," said he rising. "I shall now leave you to make yourself at home in your new house. You will be over at the harbor before night, I daresay; and in the meantime, good-bye to you."

CHAPTER XVI.

THE CONSTITUTION.

Yes; Robert certainly intended to be over at the harbor before night. It was his fixed resolve to seek an interview with Kavanagh as soon as might be, and whether he found him in the condition Maguire had described or not, to take passage to Melbourne the next morning by the ship that had brought him thence. With a murderer, whether sane or mad, he would have no part nor lot, and above all, he would take care that Lizzy should never set foot upon that perilous shore. The only doubt now left in his mind as to his future conduct was whether he should acquaint the authorities in Australia with the state of affairs on Murphy's Island. In justice to its colonists, now subject to the caprices of a mad despot, and fated in all probability to become the prey of an unscrupulous schemer, it was clearly his duty so to do; and yet he shrank from the ingratitude that such an act would involve, for how could he describe what had occurred without denouncing his benefactor and patron! As to acceding to the infamous proposition of Maguire, his nature revolted at it. He believed that the man's hint of being able to "persuade" Kavanagh and his faithful follower to quit the island, meant nothing less than that they were to be put to death; and even if he could have been so base and vile a traitor, he had little doubt that he himself, having served his confederate's selfish ends, would in turn have become his victim.

In order to give his late companion ample time to precede him to the harbor, rather than with any interest in the investigation itself, he went over to his little home, and was both surprised and touched to find in it many indications both of the good-will and generosity of Kavanagh. The furniture, and even the decorations of the saloon cabins of the Star, had evidently been laid under lavish contribution to supply his needs; and if Government House should prove to be equipped proportionally to the residence of the second in command, its interior at least would not greatly belie its ambitious designation. For his own part, however, he was to reap no advantage from this splendor, which also filled him with remorseful tenderness toward him by whose forethought it had been provided. With a heavy heart he left the house, and was at once surrounded by such of the population of New Town—mostly women and children—as the news of the arrival of the stores had not attracted to the other settlement. Among the former, he noticed the black-eyed, gipsy-faced young girl from King's County, upon whom Maguire had designed to bestow his to-be-one-day-enviable affections. Robert himself had noticed her on board the Star, not only from her beauty, but because of the likeness to the "Miss Mary" of Herne street, whom (although she was much younger) in her general appearance she greatly resembled. Her age could not have much exceeded sixteen, and she had still about her all the glow and radiance of childhood. His heart sunk within him as he heard her merry laugh, and listened to her thoughtless words, for the reflection forced itself upon him: "If I should spare Kavanagh, will it not be eventually at the sacrifice of this bright and innocent girl?"

Escaping from the questions and welcomings of the throng as soon as he could, he breasted the central hill, resolving to take that way to the harbor, in preference to the shorter and easier road by which he had come, in order to avoid the possibility of overtaking Maguire, whose companionship he now felt to be intolerable. At the summit he paused, not for breath, for the elevation to his young limbs and lungs was insignificant enough, but to survey the ocean, which had of late acquired an interest for him which it had lacked before. "In three months' time," thought he, "or four at farthest, the ship that brings my darling to the home I trust I shall by that time have made for her, will be speeding yonder on her course." And even while he looked, his heart bounded within him, for there, in truth, but a few miles off, there was a ship, and steering, so far as he could judge, for Melbourne. The next moment he blushed at his own folly, for how could it be the ship in question, since even that which carried his summons to the Alstons had not yet arrived in England! However, taking out a pocket-glass with which he had provided himself in Melbourne, he scanned the vessel with some interest, which increased as he gazed to intense excitement. He was not much versed in seamanship, but surely, surely that was the very sloop in which he had himself arrived but a few hours ago! The harbor was concealed under the hill, but he ran forward quickly until he could command it, and then his worst suspicions were confirmed; the sloop which it had been definitely arranged was to have waited until the morrow, was already gone!

It was for this, then, perhaps, that he had been enticed to visit New Town! His idea of taking passage at once to Melbourne had been anticipated, whether by Maguire or others, and thus forestalled. If it was so, the misfortune was indeed overwhelming, for how could he warn Lizzy of her danger in coming to the island? Had it been arranged that the mail was to bring her, he could have carried her on to Melbourne in it, despite all opposition; but the crew of this little sloop could not control the force that the islanders could bring against them, and being in the pay of Kavanagh, were of course subject to his orders. Indeed, it must be in obedience to them that they had now altered their intention of remaining the night, and set sail for home.

The pinnace, it is true, and the gig still lay in harbor; but the former needed at least three men to navigate her; and the latter was a mere cockleshell, quite unfit to face the open sea. Moreover, had it not been enacted that it was death to embark in either of them without Kavanagh's express permission, a penalty, which, unless Maguire had told a falsehood capable of immediate refutation, had been already carried out to its extremity. His position, under every aspect, was indeed growing gloomy and serious, and it was with a heavy heart that Robert resumed his way toward the harbor. For the present, he was alone in his peril; how much more terrible would the situation be if Lizzy should strive to share his fate—perchance his doom!

"Government House," though a structure of absurdly insignificant size to have so grand a title, was a well-built and compact edifice; it was two stories high, and contained eight rooms, yet every piece of timber of which it was composed had a number and place of its own, and fitted into its neighbor piece like the joints of a child's puzzle. In Australia, though house-room might be dear, and difficult to obtain, this costly toy—which was painted and fitted up with infinite elaborateness—would have been out of place, if not superfluous, and only have ministered to its possessor's vanity; but on Murphy's Island, by a singular chance, it had found its proper function. Contrasted with the tents around it, and with the more humble dwellings which were already being erected at the harbor out of the timber which Robert had brought over with him from Melbourne, and with the gay banner floating from its flagstaff, it had a lordly, if not a sovereign air. Moreover, as though in mimicry of royal state,

one of the Tipperary "boys," pike in hand, was strutting sentrywise to and fro in front of its door.

"Is the master within, Tim?" asked Robert of this consequential personage, with whom, of course, he was well acquainted.

"He's in, sir; yes. But Murphy says that he can be seen by none of his people."

"But that does not include *me*, I suppose?" said Robert, persuasively. "Besides, I have important matters to transact with him, Tim."

Tim lowered his pike, scratched his head with the point of it, and deliberated gravely within himself. He had had his orders, but were they to be put in effect with respect to the master's own lieutenant?

"Well, you can just step in, Mr. Chesney, and ask him yourself whether he wishes you to be admitted or not."

Without stopping to question Tim's logic, Robert opened the door, and stepped within. The atmosphere, charged with tobacco-smoke, and tinctured with the smell of spirits, reminded him of the little room at Mulvaney's; it didn't smell like a new house at all, though everything to the eye was spick and span.

"Who's that?" inquired a harsh voice from above-stairs. Then Murphy's shock-head appeared over the banisters. "Oh, it's you, Mr. Chesney," added he in a hoarse whisper. "The master is ill, sir, and can't be seen."

"Come up!" roared another voice from an upper room, in such excited tones, that Robert could hardly have recognised them as belonging to Kavanagh. "Come up, and bring another bottle of whisky, Robert, for we are half through this one already."

Murphy, as usual, at once withdrew his opposition to his master's wishes, and only held up his forefinger in warning of Robert knew not what, as the latter obeyed the summons.

In a front room, handsomely furnished, and close to a round table on which were glasses and a bottle, sat Frank Kavanagh, looking years older than when Chesney had seen him last, and with that blotched unhealthy flush upon his face which, unlike that resulting from fresh air and exercise, suggests a protracted and deep debauch. His eyes were bloodshot, and regarded the new-comer without disfavor indeed, but without a particle of the interest that under the circumstances might have been expected; and his dishevelled hair, no longer covered by a skull-cap, displaying above the forehead a bald scar, the sight of which sent a shudder through Robert's frame; for was it not the mark of Cain?

"Sit down, lad—Dick, bring a fresh glass," exclaimed Kavanagh. "Well, thank heaven, that sloop's gone, and here we are all alone once more in our own little island!" Then, breaking out into a song:

"Oh, it's a bright little island—
A right little, tight little island!
Search the globe round, none can be found
So happy as this little island."

"I hope it may be a happy one, sir," observed Robert, quietly.

"Hope, lad! I say it *is*, and I'm master here, I believe. Isn't that so, Dick?"

"True for you," answered Murphy, gravely; "you're the king of all of us, sure."

"Then why does this mealy-mouthed gentleman talk about his *hopes?*" resumed the other, with irritation. "If my people are not happy here, I'll know the reason why. And, look you, happy or not, they shall go nowhere else"—he brought his fist down on the table with an emphasis that made the glasses ring again—"nowhere else, so help me Heaven, save to the dickens. Fishing? No; they shall not so much as fish, unless I give them my royal permission so to do. That was why I hanged Pat Doolan; to encourage the others not to go fishing in the gig without my leave. And as for the pinnace, it is never to be used without my written order, my imperial ukase. You're my second in command, sir, so look to *that*." The tragic air and stilted manner of the speaker were such as would have fitted the mock sovereign of a burlesque, or some self-satisfied inmate of the walls of Bedlam; but there was a certain significance in his words too, that jarred upon his hearer worse than their more jangling wildness. This tirade about the boats, as it struck Robert, was intended to apply to his own case, and serve as a personal warning.

"I shall obey your directions, sir, of course," answered he, respectfully. "But as for quitting the island, as I suppose you hint at, that would not be very practicable in the gig, at all events; and to hang a man for going out to fish, seems to me to be hard measure."

"Seems to you?" answered Kavanagh, menacingly. "And what is that to *me?* When I ask my minister's opinion, he may give it; but not unasked. The power of life and death is the king's prerogative. Murphy and I are drawing up the statutes of the island, and that is the first article of our constitution. To speak against the king, or to discuss his acts with strangers, has been also made a capital offence. We put them in after Pat's death, lest the crew of the sloop should come to hear of it, and that exercise of my undoubted authority, be subsequently questioned elsewhere. It is a great power, look you, lad, and makes one draw a proud breath to be able to say "Death" to any man who doesn't suit one's fancy. To open to him, as it were by a word, the gates of Eternity. Yes, yes. The mischief is, however," added the speaker, with a puzzled air, "that one can't get the fellow back again when one wishes it. And one does wish it sometimes, oh, one *does*." His head drooped gently on his hand, his tones became soft and tender, and his feverish eyes filled with tears. "I had a brother once, lad; we were boys together; I can remember saying my prayers with him at our mother's knee. But he would take out the boat and fish, contrary to our express injunction; and, the king must administer justice quite indifferently, you know—and poor Lewis paid for it with his life. Didn't he, Dick?"

The tone of his appeal was very sad and touching, but not more so than the expression of Murphy's answering look. It seemed to say: "Oh; what has happened to my beloved master? His wild words make me tremble to hear them, and yet I will never, never, never think him mad!"

"Don't talk of *that*, Mr. Frank," answered the other cheerfully. "Let us speak of other things. You have never said a word to Mr. Chesney, you know, respecting his stay in Melbourne, and the cargo he brought over with him."

"Yes, indeed, sir," observed Robert, "I should wish to account to you, as soon as you have the leisure, for the money intrusted to me. I have expended nearly the whole of it, but I hope in such a manner as you will approve."

"Yes, yes; I have seen it all, and I do approve. There is whisky enough to supply our royal cellar for—well, one week at least. That is why the man keeps guard over us with a pike—to keep off thieves, and to knock in the head of a cask whenever it is wanted. Isn't that so, Dick?"

Murphy muttered some inarticulate reply, which, by the cheerful nod that accompanied it, would seem to be in the affirmative; but that devoted follower was evidently in sad straits.

"By-the-bye, Robert," continued Kavanagh, his changeful manner, which had been fierce, pathetic, and humorously cynical by turns, becoming suddenly delicately courteous, "you have spoken of the cargo, but not of the passengers. You have not said one word about your Lizzy. Why did you not bring her here to see me? I wish above all things to welcome my friend's wife to *Murphy's Island*, and especially to introduce her to Mary. The Governor's wife, you know, must call upon the Deputy-governor's, that is a constitutional necessity. She will go on in state, upon a white elephant, if the animal is procurable. But in the meantime the young women should be friends. You have seen my Mary, of course?"

"Yes," replied Robert, hesitating; "but I did not know"—he was going to add, "that she was on the island," when Kavanagh broke in triumphantly:

"There! he has seen her, Murphy, with his own eyes; and yet you try to persuade me that she is not at New Town. Go away, Dick, go away, and leave me with Mr. Chesney, to arrange our pecuniary accounts, about which your poor stupid head can understand nothing. The poor fellow is losing what little wits he has, Chesney, and positively tries to persuade me that my own Mary, who has followed me here so faithfully from England, is a girl from King's County. A pretty thing, indeed, that a man should not know his own sweetheart. And there were others too—that fellow Maguire for one—who were in the same tale. But yours is independent testimony. Hush! not a word; I thank you for it. Empty titles are not to be created under my dynasty; but I give you in reward a solid privilege. You shall go fishing in the gig within the circuit of half a mile, to which our jurisdiction extends. Put that down, Murphy; it shall form the seventeenth article of the constitution. But there, you cannot write. Give *me* the parchment. Given at the Government House—that is our royal style—&c. &c. There, you are free to take the boat and fish, provided only, that if you should catch sturgeon, it must be reserved for our own table."

During all this rodomontade, Robert maintained a respectful silence; he had endeavored to explain the mistake into which Kavanagh had fallen with respect to "Miss Mary;" but the former had refused to listen to it; and was it now worth while (even if it was possible) to set this poor mad man right in so absurd a matter, especially, too, as the misunderstanding had brought forth such welcome fruit? For in the gig could he not go forth and *meet* the sloop, and thereby avert all danger from her it should bring; since on his report it would, of course, put back to Melbourne, whence help could then be sent, if necessary, to the distracted Island. On the other hand, Robert perceived that he had deeply offended Murphy. Not only had he brought upon him—itself an unforgivable injury—his master's wrath; but instead of doing his best to mitigate Kavanagh's hallucinations, he had pretended to acquiesce in them—or at least in one of them—in order to reap what must have seemed a very trifling advantage. The pair had never been good friends, but up to this time the contempt had always been on Chesney side while the other monopolized the hate. But now Murphy's scowling face exhibited not only the most furious hostility, but the bitterest scorn.

"You vile young viper!" cried he, "to bite the hand that has fed you. I'll—"

"Silence!" roared Kavanagh. "How dare you use such words to the Deputy governor? Have I not placed him over you, you dog, you cur"—and as though poor Dick had been indeed the creature by whose name he was thus addressed, he winced and shrank from every word as from a lash—"and is this the reverence you pay to an officer of my choosing? Be off—be off, I say, or I will set it down in the constitution that to call the Deputy governor "a vile young viper" is to have earned death." With a subdued though still sullen air Murphy raised his hand to his head—a form of respect enjoined, as Robert rightly guessed, by the new constitution to its founder—and slowly left the room.

"Discipline must be maintained," sighed Kavanagh regretfully; "but it would cause me intense regret to be compelled to hang Dick Murphy. I tell you *what*"—and here his look became intensely cunning—"we'll make a statute that the Governor's wife shall always possess the right of pardon, and then, thanks to Mary, we shall be extricated out of all these little embarrassments. I am so glad you recognized her, my dear lad; for not to be recognized, is, in society, a very serious annoyance.—And now about these accounts—fill your glass—well, then, *I* will: and, sparing us the details (which are always tedious), tell us what is the gross surplus."

"There is about eighty pounds remaining, sir. But here are the papers, with every item—"

"Very good; an auditor" (with a wave of his hand) "shall look into them in due time, and I have no doubt will find them correct. As for the eighty pounds, I shall give them to Murphy, whose feelings, I could see, were hurt."

"You will remember, sir," urged Robert, "that I have still in my possession untouched the three thousand pounds with which you entrusted me on board the Star."

"Yes, yes; quite right—you must keep that. I am better, much better now in health; but the necessity may still arise for expending it in the manner suggested. The cares of my high office may be too much for me. Do you know, lad," (he laid his hand in his old familiar manner on Robert's arm, and sunk his voice to a whisper), "I sometimes think my brain is failing me? Suppose the Governor was to go mad like George III.! Don't you think that should be provided for in the constitution?"

Robert bent his head; he knew not what to say. He was ashamed of his own hypocrisy, and yet what could he do but temporize and affect acquiescence. It was clear that Maguire had not exaggerated Kavanagh's condition, which, moreover, was probably much worse than when he had last appeared in public; nothing, indeed, but the slavish affection of Murphy could be proof against the conviction that his master was a madman. And yet in this man's hands were intrusted the destinies, even to life and death, of all upon the island! These reflections were of a nature to make Robert in no mood for speech, and Kavanagh ran on with his wild words, not only without contradiction, but without interruption. "In case anything should happen to me, Mary, it is true, might be regent; but it is so difficult for a woman to maintain order, when there are revolutionary elements at work; and (between ourselves) they *are* at work even now. No; you, Robert, will be the interim governor, and will also succeed me, in case of my dying without issue. This is very important, and must be entered in the constitution before a witness." The speaker opened the door, and called for Murphy, who rose from the rug outside on which he had been disconsolately lying, to execute this pressing duty.

The whole interview would have been most distressing to Robert, were it not that pity for his patron was overborne by the gravest considerations for the future, both for himself and others. When it was over—that is, so soon as he could decently make his escape—he once more ascended the cone shaped hill, which, with the exception of his own viceregal two-roomed residence, was the only spot on the whole island where he could obtain even comparative privacy. The summit was a level flat of a few feet square, and lying down on this, with the sky above him, the sea around him, he could fancy himself alone in the world. Standing up, on the other hand, he could not only survey all that insular domain (except what was hidden by the hill itself, which on the harbor side was somewhat precipitous), but could himself be seen from every part of it. Not a tree, not a bush was there to intercept the view; nothing higher than a grass blade, save the few vegetables that already rewarded the industry of the colonists, appeared above the soil of *Murphy's Island*. Even now the home of madness and treachery, and fated, perhaps, to witness as dark deeds as any spot beneath the sun, the place was already become abhorrent to him. He swept the horizon in hopes to see a sail (he cared not what, nor whence it came), with the feverish longing of a shipwrecked man whose scanty store is lessening fast; but, as his heart foreboded, he looked in vain. The Star had been blown much out of her course, or it would never have chanced upon the island, which lay too far to the southeast to be in the track of the Australian traders; the little chart which he spread out before him told him that much; his only hope lay in the comparatively small direct Tasmanian traffic, the ships engaged in which, however, could be seen, if at all, from New Town. He would watch for them night and day, and if seen, do his best to attract their notice. To-morrow, he would propose to Kavanagh that a flagstaff should be placed upon the hill, with a banner flying to proclaim his sovereignty. While pondering in his mind upon these things, he was suddenly startled by a low and sullen roar, followed by a perceptible movement of the air, which seemed to be that of the earth itself. He had heard a royal salute fired from Windsor Castle, so that he recognized this at once for the report of a heavy gun. Leaping to his feet, he once more looked eagerly round, for the sound had seemed to come from no particular quarter, expecting to descry the smoke. But there was no smoke to be seen. He saw the New Town people running along the shore; and presently others from the harbor meeting them, each party, as he rightly guessed, believing that the vessel came from the opposite side of the island to that on which they were.

The whole population, of late so depressed and sluggish, seemed to have wakened into life, clustering together in dark masses, and with a murmurous hum, like bees. They too, perhaps, would have gladly hailed the arrival of a stranger strong enough to overbear the authority of Kavanagh, whose severity in the case of Doolan had alarmed them. It was a proof of their simplicity that only one of them thought of ascending the hill, from which their curiosity, if at all, could have been satisfied at once. Robert did not need his glass to be convinced that this personage was Maguire.

CHAPTER XVII.

ARRESTED.

"So you are on the look-out, Mr. Chesney, with your map and your glass," said Maguire, when he had come up to Robert's side, "in hopes to see a friendly sail."

He spoke in a dry cynical tone that was habitual to him, but the expression of his face was less grim than usual, though not more genial; it was grave, set, and determined.

"I am looking like other people," answered Robert, carelessly, "for the ship that fired that gun."

"Yes," answered the other, contemptuously; "and you were also wishing that you had a white tablecloth to wave, or a pile of wood to fire, in order to attract her attention."

"Why not," inquired Robert, coolly; "all sails are friendly to us here, I suppose."

"To you perhaps they may be; but not to him who rules this island for the nonce, nor to him"—and he struck his own broad breast with his hand—"who is about to rule it. No ship shall land here with *my* leave; be sure of *that;* and woe be to the man who brings one hither."

"I did not know that the island was provided with such heavy batteries, and that you had the command of them," observed Robert, with heightened color. "As to your menace—if you intend it to be a personal one—it is thrown away upon me."

"Ho, ho! so you have already made up your mind upon the subject we discussed awhile ago. We are to be enemies, are we, Robert Chesney?"

"We are not to be friends, Maguire; if at least you are so free with you threats," answered Robert, boldly. "You may kill me—and you look this moment as if you would like to do it—but be sure of this, you shall never bully me. If I had a flag here, I would wave it—if I had a bonfire here, I would light it, though it were to be the last movement of my hand."

"What a pity that I shall some day have to kill you, Chesney, if you let your courage so far outstrip your wits," said Maguire, not without some admiring pity. "It is lucky for you that both you and those poor fools yonder are alike in error respecting the sound you have just heard. That was no ship's gun, my lad, as you imagine, but an earthquake shock. In the China seas I have heard such more than once, though never in these latitudes. You doubt me? Well, if it be a ship, then, you may signal her, and may I swing at her yard-arm."

"An earthquake shock!" answered Robert wonderingly. "Well, it is true I thought I felt the island tremble."

"And you were right, lad. I have told you the explanation of that; now, why not be taught by me in other matters? Did I deceive you as to the condition of Kavanagh? Is he not stark staring mad? Are not our lives hanging on a mere thread while we submit ourselves to his tyrannical caprices?"

"All that is true," said Robert firmly. "But I will not have him harmed, that is, as *you* would harm him."

"You would rather let him kill you than kill *him*, perhaps?" observed Maguire significantly. "And yet," added he, when the other made no answer, "I have heard it said you once drew a knife upon a man yourself."

"On Murphy: yes. But I had no other means whereby to defend my life."

"Oh! that was it," said Maguire carelessly. "I thought you had a slighter reason. Well, our intelligent friends yonder have hit, I see, at last upon the idea of using the hill as a look-out; and as I don't want to have to explain to them the phenomena of earthquakes, I shall be off; so good-evening."

He nodded, and moved slowly off toward the harbor. Unconcerned as he strove to appear, Robert knew that Maguire felt baffled, angry and evilly disposed toward himself; that he had made his last effort to win him over to his views, and was now resolved to act without him—perhaps against him. Full of serious thoughts and apprehensions, Robert felt as little inclined for chatter as his late companion, and went down the hill to his own house. Instigated by some presentiment of danger to those precious treasures, he dug up the flooring of his bedroom, and hid beneath it his map, his telescope, and also a little pocket-compass he had purchased in Melbourne; then feeling that he had taken all the poor precautions that were within his power, he lit his pipe, to think and ponder once again. Before it was smoked out, there came a knock at the door, and Tim appeared at it, pike in hand.

"You're wanted," said he, "at the harbor."

The curtness of the man's manner, and the absence of the "Sir" which he had used but a few hours ago, would have suggested to Robert that there was something amiss, even had there not been at Tim's back two other men, also with pikes, presenting on the whole a far from friendly looking embassy.

"Why, what's the matter, Tim?" inquired Robert good-naturedly.

"That you must answer to the master—I mean the Governor," was the gruff reply. "I'm to bring you to him, and these are to stay here and search about."

When Tim and his prisoner were on their way together to the Government House, however, the former relaxed in his sternness, and became more communicative. Maguire, it appeared, had impeached Robert to Kavanagh, accusing him of a design to attract strangers to the island, for the purpose of destroying his authority; and the poor mad Governor was more beside himself than ever with fury.

"Bedad, if it's proved against you, he'll string you up just as he did Pat Doolan," was Tim's fixed opinion, in which Robert himself was obliged to concur; and if that was to happen, what would *then* become of Lizzy, left on *Murphy's Island* without even the protection of his slender arm? This reflection, however, instead of paralyzing him, seemed to nerve him with courage, and if it did not sharpen his wits, determined him at least to exercise them without scruple. He had an arrow in his mental quiver, which, if the worst came to the worst, he would let fly at Maguire's own breast, be the issue to that traitor what it might.

In front of Government House there was a little crowd assembled, that made way for him with a pitying murmur; and what was far more ominous, there projected from one of its front windows a stout pole, from the end of which a rope was already dangling, the same, no doubt, which had cut short poor Doolan's mortal coil.

CHAPTER XVIII.

HIGH TREASON.

Robert was ushered by Tim into the same room wherein he had been before admitted, but which now presented a somewhat different appearance. Upon the round table, on which bottle and glasses were still standing, had been hoisted an arm-chair, and in this elevated seat was Kavanagh, holding in his hand, by way of symbol of sovereignty, a wooden ruler, which he waved, as Robert entered, with a majestic air. By his side stood Murphy, with a drawn sword; and in a corner of the room, in an empty tea-chest, which came up to his hips, and supplied the place of a witness-box, stood Maguire—both with the gravest faces, as of persons impressed with a due reverence for judicial ceremonial. Perilous as he felt his position to be, Robert could hardly maintain his gravity at this ludicrous spectacle; though the black beam projecting from the window, and the murmur of hushed expectancy that came up from the crowd below, might well have quenched the mirth of a braver man.

"Robert Chesney," observed the Governor, in a solemn voice, marred, however, by an occasional hiccup, "you are accused of endeavoring to bring upon us a foreign power, thereby to subvert our authority; an offence contrary to the constitution, and which by it is punishable with death. It is my hope, dearly beloved cousin, and second only to ourselves, as you are, within this realm, that you may clear yourself of this hateful charge. But if otherwise, you shall pay the penalty, like the meanest. There stands your accuser!" And Kavanagh pointed to the tea-chest with his ruler, and drained a glass of whisky to the dregs.

Then Maguire repeated so much of the conversation Robert had held with him on the hill as referred to the ship, erroneously expected, adding certain expressions of aspirations to which the young fellow had never given utterance, but that really gave a certain treasonous aspect to what had been said, well fitted to indame a tyrant's suspicions. The very repetition of his story, in fact, evidently aroused Kavanagh's jealousy and alarm, and at its conclusion it was with an impatient gesture that he motioned to the accused, and bade him say what he had to say in his defence.

"Much of that which Maguire has stated, sir," said Robert, firmly, "is a malicious lie; but as to my saying that I intended to hail the ship, if such it had proved to be, I did say so; nor did I know—nor do I—that I should have done wrong in so doing."

"Death, by article nineteen of the constitution, observed Kavanagh, "hastily. "Get the rope there."

"To be punished, sir," pleaded the unhappy lad, "for transgressing a law of which I was wholly ignorant"—

"It's the same in the British constitution, my good fellow," observed Kavanagh, cheerfully.

"That may be, sir; but the one that you have so wisely framed upon its model should not copy its faults. Doubtless, all the rest of your subjects have been made acquainted with this admirable document, whereas I alone, when it was proclaimed, was absent from the island upon business of your own and of the state."

Kavanagh shook his head.

"*De minimis non curat lex*," said he: "we can't take notice of these little matters. Are you acquainted with any just cause of impediment—No; that's not it. Have you any reason to offer"—and here he put on his black skull-cap, like a judge who is about to award the last penalty of the law—"why sentence of death should not be passed upon you?"

"Yes," answered Robert, boldly, "I have a state secret—the revelation of which may well earn for me my life at your hands—and which I pray you to let me whisper in your ear."

"Whisper in my ear? How the deuce can he do that, Murphy? I'm too high up. This has not been provided for in the constitution."

A stool, however, was brought, and Robert ascending it, spoke a few words earnestly to Kavanagh in a low tone. They seemed to affect him in an extreme degree.

"Tim!" cried he to the sentinel, excitedly, "go to New Town, and fetch our royal consort, Mary Beeher."

Tim scratched his head; the mandate being unintelligible to him, as it well might be.

"It's Mary Beamish that the Governor means," whispered Dick, in explanation.

"*It's not!*" roared Kavanagh, in a transport of fury. "What do *you* say, Robert? *You* know it's Mary Beeher, don't you?"

Robert assented eagerly: he would have recognised her with equal facility as Mary de Medici, Mary of Burgundy, or Mary Queen of Scots.

"*Now* I know who are the traitors!" exclaimed Kavanagh, looking reproachfully at Murphy, and then casting an angry glance upon Maguire, who, indeed, if to grow pale and red by turns is to be of doubtful loyalty, exhibited very traitorous symptoms. "But nevertheless, let the crime be proved."

Here the door opened and admitted Mary Beamish, whom Tim had found in the crowd without, all the inhabitants of New Town having by this time congregated thither as the news of Robert's impeachment. She was a pretty brunette enough, and the slight paleness caused by her alarm at this unexpected summons mitigated her somewhat too rosy charms.

"We sent for you, Mary," exclaimed Kavanagh, with elaborate courtesy, "to know from your own lips, whether that man yonder"—pointing to Maguire—"has ever ventured to abuse your ear by protestations of affection? Speak the truth, and fear not."

Mary hung her head and blushed.

"Mr. Maguire has courted me," faltered she; "but—"

"Ah! you concealed the matter that the wretch might keep his life," interrupted Kavanagh.

"Well, sir," continued the puzzled girl, "I thought him too old and too ugly."

"Most faithful of women!" ejaculated Kavanagh, admiringly, "you have said enough.—Tim, remove our consort.—What ho! without there: get the rope ready! Maguire shall swing. Executioner, do your duty."

Maguire turned deadly pale, and thrust his hand into his breast; but the weapon that he looked for was not there. He had come unarmed to a council where affairs, as he thought, could never have taken a turn so perilous to himself. Murphy was advancing toward him with a rope to pinion his wrists, when Robert suddenly interposed. He certainly owed this man no favor, but the idea of his being put to death at his instigation was abhorrent to him.

"I humbly beg, sir, that you will spare Maguire's life," cried he.

"Why so?" asked Kavanagh, testily. "He is your own enemy."

"I know it, sir; and for that very reason would not have his blood upon my hands."

"Blood upon my hands!" repeated Kavanagh, fiercely, and looking at his own fingers. "What is that to you? Have you not just heard that he has committed high treason? You call yourself my loyal subject, and yet you would have me pardon him. You ask his life—well, take it, then. The man is free; and now I have not a friend, not one, not one—but you, Dick."

Murphy had run to his master, and was now helping him to descend from his chair of state with affectionate solicitude. "Blood on my hands, Dick! Did you hear him? I will never forgive him that. Send them away, send them away!"

As Maguire and Robert went down the stairs together from the hall of the audience, the former grasped the latter's arm.

"You turned the tables on me well," he whispered in harsh and grating tones. "Where you erred was in not pushing your advantage." And he pointed to the noose that still swung menacingly above their heads. The next moment he was lost in the throng that crowded about Chesney noisily congratulating him on his acquittal, and overwhelming him with questions; but his words rang long in Robert's ears. It had been indeed imprudent in him to offend Kavanagh, as he had manifestly done, by pleading for this man's life, who, without provocation, would have taken his own; and now, as impervious to gratitude as to mercy, it was plain he would never rest till he had destroyed him. With Murphy, Maguire had still great influence, so long as it was not used against his master; and there was nothing, Robert felt, but Kavanagh's waning favor, to preserve him from the fate that he had for the nonce escaped but by a hairbreadth.

These forebodings were in some measure corroborated by finding himself on the succeeding day denied to Kavanagh—with whom he had wished to confer respecting the house-building at New Town, which was proceeding with more despatch than care—and also by the establishment of a sentry on the hill-top, who had orders to prevent any person ascending the same. This latter arrangement, as Robert only too well understood, being to give Kavanagh early and exclusive news of a ship's approach.

On the other hand, Chesney was not personally interfered with; his authority, both at New Town and elsewhere, seemed to be acknowledged as usual, and indeed he was thought to be in especially high favor with the governor, since he was allowed to use the little boat. In this he paddled about for hours daily, not for pleasure, but in order to make it an accustomed sight, so that, should the opportunity arise of going out to meet the sloop, his doing so should not excite comment. No opposition was even offered when he tried the experiment of beaching the gig at New Town, instead of leaving it in the harbor, though he had reason to suspect that a messenger had been despatched from the latter place to learn whether he had returned to the island. To Maguire, and probably to Murphy, the news that he had not done so would have been welcome, for it was not likely, if once carried out to sea in such a tiny craft, he would ever have seen land again. There was much to do in the way of superintendence of affairs, for little as he knew about agricultural matters, he knew more than his brother colonists; while in the matter of architecture, since it was almost wholly confined to carpentering, his advice and help were always in request. It was fortunate that it was so, for if he had had less to occupy him, he would have been consumed with anxieties and apprehensions upon Lizzy's account, the time for whose arrival as he calculated, was now drawing very near. He had no doubt that the Alston's would at once embrace the opportunity that had been offered them, and leave England by the next mail; and bitterly indeed he now regretted the haste he had urged them to use. His hope was that they had found themselves unable immediately to obey his summons, and that before another two months had passed help might arrive from some unlooked-for quarter. If not, and especially if anything should happen to Kavanagh, who was understood to be in very ill-health—or at least that was the reason given for the denial he always met with at Government House—he might expect the worst indeed. In the meantime he seemed to be growing more and more out of favor with the governor, who had sent him orders, through Murphy, that he was to confine himself to his own district of New Town, and not to presume to come over to the harbor without permission; an edict which, as he guessed, had a similar intention with that of the appointment of the hill-sentry; other persons had made the same calculations as himself respecting the probable arrival of the sloop.

One morning early, there came a timid knock at his door, and rising in haste, though nearly dressed—for he held himself, day and night, in readiness to take to the boat at a moment's notice—he found Mary Beamish. This girl was very grateful to him for having delivered her from the persecutions of Maguire, who, since the day that had so nearly proved fatal to him, had not ventured to molest her, and was well aware of his anxiety on Lizzy's account, with which (in spite of a little tenderness she felt for Robert herself) she warmly sympathized.

"What is it, Mary?" inquired he eagerly.

"Come to our cottage, sir, and I'll tell you, sir," said she, cautiously. "I cannot tell you in the street."

"But is the sloop come? For heaven's sake, tell me *that*."

"Yes, it arrived not an hour ago; and has sailed away again. I could not get to tell you sooner."

"But Lizzy? Is she at the harbor?"

"No, indeed, sir; you must not go to the harbor: Mr. Maguire, bad ess to him! would only be too glad to see you disobeying orders. Well, stop one moment;" and as Robert was about to start madly off at the top of his speed, she lifted the latch of the cottage door, and added, with a sly smile, "She's *here*, sir." The next instant he was clasped in Lizzy's arms.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ For Cough, Bronchitis and Consumption, in its early stages, nothing equals Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. 615.

Mr. S. A. Atkinson, Editor of the Southern Banner, Athens, Ga., says his wife has used a Grover & Baker Sewing Machine for fourteen years, and considers it good yet for as many more.

Stammering cured by Bates' Patent Appliances. They received medals at the London, Paris and New York Exhibitions. For pamphlet and drawings describing the same, address Simpson & Co., Box 5076, New York. mh29-3m

DR. RADWAY'S

Sarsaparillian Resolvent,

THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER.

FOR THE CURE OF ALL

CHRONIC DISEASES, SCROFULA, ULCERS,

CHRONIC RHEUMATISM, ERYSIPELAS,

KIDNEY, BLADDER, AND LIVER

COMPLAINTS, DYSPEPSIA,

AFFECTIONS OF THE LUNGS AND THROAT;

PURIFIES THE BLOOD,

RESTORING HEALTH AND VIGOR;

CLEAR SKIN AND BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION

SECURED TO ALL.

Sold by Druggists. Price $1 per Bottle.

DR. RADWAY'S

PERFECT PURGATIVE PILLS.

Perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated, for the cure of all disorders of the stomach, liver, bowels, kidneys, bladder, nervous diseases, headache, constipation, costiveness, indigestion, dyspepsia, biliousness, bilious fever, inflammation of the bowels, piles, and all derangements of the internal viscera. Warranted to effect a positive cure.

Price 25 cents per box. Sold by Druggists.

DR. RADWAY & CO., 32 Warren St., New York

nov2-tf

PROSPECTUS FOR 1873.

THE LADY'S FRIEND.

BEAUTIFUL NEW PREMIUM CHROMO.

The proprietors of this "Queen of the Monthlies" call the attention of the ladies to their Magazine, as being just what a Lady's Magazine should be. Edited by a Lady, nothing but what is of the most refined and elevating character ever is admitted to its pages. Its Engravings, its Fashions, its Stories all bear evidence of the same refined and cultivated taste, which has endeared it to thousands of readers.

It will continue to publish Serials, Short Stories, Poetry, &c., from its old list of talented contributors. Among the Serials we may announce:—

THE MASTER OF GREYLANDS.

By Mrs. HENRY WOOD, author of "East Lynne," "Lady Adelaide's Trial," etc.

UNA AND HER PRINCE.

By MISS A. L. MUZZEY, author of "Una and Her Lions," etc.

A GIRL'S ROMANCE.

By DAISY VENTNOR, author of "Queen Coquette," etc.

A NOVELET.

By AMANDA M. DOUGLAS, author of "An Everyday Heroine," etc.

A NOVELET.

By Miss FANNIE HODGSON, author of "Kathleen's Love Story," "Roeburn," etc. [Miss Hodgson's Novelet will run through the whole year.]

FASHIONS, FANCY WORK, ETC.

Fine Engravings of the Fashions will represent the latest styles in Dresses, Cloaks, Bonnets, Hats, Headdresses, Fancy Work, Embroidery, &c.

BEAUTIFUL ENGRAVINGS.

The Engravings of THE LADY'S FRIEND are of a very superior character, embracing pictures of subjects which touch the sentiments and affections. These choice and elegant Engravings are a special feature of this Magazine, and should entitle it to the preference over all others.

MUSIC.

A piece of the latest and most popular Music accompanies every number. The Music is of itself worth double the price of the Magazine.

SPLENDID PREMIUMS

Sewing Machines, Plated Ware, Gold Chains, &c.

Those desiring to get up Lists of subscribers to the Lady's Friend, will be well compensated. The list of Premiums is the same as for the Post.

"LITTLE SAMUEL."

A beautiful Scriptural Chromo of the Child-Prophet Samuel, starting up from his sleep at the call of the Lord, and which has all the rich and glowing colors of a fine oil painting—will be sent to the getter-up of every club, and, *under special rates*, to every subscriber. This Chromo is copyrighted, and the regular price of it is Five Dollars. It cannot be obtained for less than that price, except in connection with "The Lady's Friend," or "The Saturday Evening Post." It is twelve by fifteen inches in size.

TERMS—With the Chromo—Always in Advance.

One copy of The Lady's Friend, and one copy of the Chromo of "Little Samuel," $2.50
One copy of the Lady's Friend, one of "The Saturday Evening Post," and one Chromo of "Little Samuel," 3.00
Four copies of the Lady's Friend and four Chromos (and one Chromo gratis), 8.00
Eight copies of The Lady's Friend, and eight Chromos, (and one copy each of the Magazine and Chromo gratis, for the sender of the club), 15.00
Additional subscribers may be added to the above clubs at 2.00

☞ These clubs can be made up of THE LADY'S FRIEND and "THE SATURDAY EVENING POST" conjointly, if 50 cents is added for each number of THE POST taken.

TERMS—Without the Chromo—Always in Advance.

Without the Chromo, we will send the Magazine at the old rates. One copy for $2.00. Four copies for $6.00. Eight copies (and one gratis to the sender of the Club) for $12.00. All additional at $1.50. Copies of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST can be taken in these Clubs at $2.00 apiece, which is now THE POST'S lowest Club price. The Chromo of "Little Samuel" will be sent to the sender of each Club, as a special reward for his or her trouble; and to each club-subscriber for one dollar extra.

One copy of THE LADY'S FRIEND ($2.00) and one of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST ($3.00) for $4.50.

OUR STEEL ENGRAVINGS.—Any one entitled a Chromo, may take in its place, if he so desires, a copy of either of our handsome Steel Engravings, "The Sisters," "One of Life's Happy Hours," "The Song of Home at Sea," or "Washington at Mount Vernon."

☞ Those desirous of getting up a Club, or a Premium List, shall have a copy of the Magazine sent to them gratis. They would also find it advisable to remit one dollar, for which we will send a copy of the Chromo of "Little Samuel" in addition. They must state expressly, however, that they wish the Chromo for this purpose, or else it will not be furnished. If the Chromo gets seriously injured in canvassing for subscribers another will be sent to replace it.

☞ The contents of THE LADY'S FRIEND and of THE POST will always be entirely different.

☞ Subscribers in British North America must remit *twelve cents extra*, as we have to prepay the U. S. postage.

☞ Remittances should be made, if possible, in Post-office Orders, or in Drafts or Checks, *payable to our order*.

☞ Ten cents should be forwarded in *all cases*, to pay the expense of mailing the Chromo.

Address DEACON & PETERSON,
319 *Walnut Street, Philadelphia.*

Single numbers of THE LADY'S FRIEND, 20 cents.

THE
SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MARCH 29, 1873.

TERMS—Always in Advance.

Single copy, $2.00 a year, payable in advance, not including postage, which is twenty cents a year, and payable at the office where the paper is received. Every single ($2.00) subscriber will be entitled to a copy of our Premium Chromo, "LITTLE SAMUEL," or to either of our large and beautiful Premium Steel Engravings—"The Sisters," "The Song of Home at Sea," or "Washington at Mount Vernon." (Ten cents must always be remitted to pay the expense of mailing the Chromo or Engraving.)

One copy of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST ($3.00) and One of THE LADY'S FRIEND ($3.00) for $4.00. Or, if the Premium Chromo or an Engraving is desired in addition, $5.10.

One copy of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST (with the CHROMO, or one of our STEEL ENGRAVINGS,) and a copy of "PEMBERTON; OR, ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO" (postage paid), for $4.50.

One copy of PEMBERTON (postage paid) $1.75.

TO THOSE WHO DESIRE TO GET UP CLUBS.

If you wish to get up a club for THE POST, send us your name, and we will forward you, *free of charge*, a number of specimen copies of the paper, so that, with them, you can give your neighborhood a good canvassing.

TERMS OF CLUBS. For $6.00 we will send four copies of THE POST for one year to one address, or each copy to a separate address. The person sending the Club shall be entitled to a copy of our Premium Chromo, or to either of our beautiful Premium Steel Engravings, "The Sisters," "The Song of Home at Sea," or "Washington at Mount Vernon."

For $12 we will send eight copies to one address, or each copy to a separate address. The person sending this Club shall be entitled to a copy of THE POST *free*, and to a copy also of the Premium Chromo, or to either of our Premium engravings.

The senders of Clubs can afterwards add single copies at $3.00 each.

Any club-subscriber wishing the Chromo or an Engraving must remit *one dollar extra*.

The above Clubs may be composed partly of THE POST and partly of THE LADY'S FRIEND, if desired. The subscriptions to The Lady's Friend can be taken at $1.50 apiece, instead of $2.00.

☞ No deviation allowed from our regular terms. If less money is sent, the paper will be sent for a proportionate period.

WE WILL SEND YOU ANY NEWSPAPER OR MAGAZINE YOU WISH, IN CONNECTION WITH THE POST, AT A REDUCED PRICE—as follows: Any Paper or Magazine the regular price of which is $1.00 at 87 cts.; regular price $1.00 at $1.75; regular price $2.50 at $2.25; regular price $3.00 at $2.62; regular price $4.00 at $3.50; regular price $5.00 at $4.50.

☞ Subscribers in British North America must remit *twenty cents extra*, as we have to prepay the U. S. postage.

☞ When additions are made to clubs, the new subscriptions must begin and end at the same time as the original club.

☞ The contents of THE POST and of THE LADY'S FRIEND will always be entirely different.

☞ Remittances should be made, if possible, in Post-office Orders, or in Drafts or Checks *payable to* order.

☞ Ten cents should be forwarded, *in all cases*, where subscribers are entitled to and wish the Chromo or an engraving, to pay the expense of mailing.

BE CAREFUL IN OPENING THE WRAPPERS OF THE CHROMO OR ENGRAVINGS. Our subscribers are entreated to be very careful in opening the wrappers of the Chromo or Engravings when they are received lest they should injure them.

Address H. PETERSON & Co.,
No. 319 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.
SINGLE COPIES 6 Cents.

LETTERS FROM ZIG.

FROM HAND TO MOUTH.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Some folks whom I know have lately been "set out in the street." You don't know what that means? It is a fashion of house-owners hereabouts. When folks live in a house two or three months, and don't pay their rent, the exasperated landlord goes and gets some sort of an order of ejectment. Then the constable comes and pitches the folks and all their household gods and goods neck and heels out-doors. All the women in the neighborhood gather on the street-corners and at the adjacent doors and windows to watch the circus performance, and jabber and gossip and laugh and laugh and laugh, as though it was the very funniest thing they ever saw in their lives. That's being "set out in the street." It puts our whole street in good humor for a week to see a family "set out." The family who are ejected most always try to put a brave face on the matter, and laugh as loudly as anybody, and endeavor to make merry as though they thought it was as funny as going to a pic-nic. But everybody can see that they want to laugh the wrong side of their mouth all the time.

This family make their living by being "set out into the street." They go to a new landlord who doesn't know 'em every time, and use his house till he puts them out, then they travel off somewhere else to repeat the swindling operation. They have several children. I should think that would be a nice way to make honest, high-toned children. It is said that they owe every groceryman on our street. Our street is five miles long. They couldn't get credit for a box of matches. You will be delighted, finally, to know that they are a family of native Americans.

They came to their present shameless state of brazen low-downness by long continued running in debt. They were poor folks who wanted to make a display. They used to be respectable, and owned some small property. But the master of the house had high feelings. He would work for no man for wages. He wouldn't be under any man. He wouldn't do day's work for the Czar of Russia. He would have a business of his own, or do nothing. He did nothing. For a year or two he borrowed money, borrowed it of everybody who would lend, high or low. That was how he made his living. Madame was high and mighty in her feelings too. She bought a piano on credit when she owed a grocery bill of two hundred dollars. They had turkey, oysters and wine, and all the luxuries of the season. Madame wore a silk dress and a gold chain. They went deeper and deeper in debt with less and less prospect of getting out. The propensity for running into debt grows stronger as it runs, like Virgil's Spirit of Rumor, *viresque acquirit eundo*, acquires strength in going. By and by master and mistress became mean, dishonest and dodgy. They never paid any debts when they could help it, and if a little money came into their hands, it burnt their fingers until they spent it for some foolish wicked extravagance. Debt always makes a person mean, dishonest and dodgy. By and by master and madame couldn't borrow any more money, and couldn't swindle the merchant and groceryman any longer. Then they went to ruin on a gallop. Now they are the poorest white trash on our street.

Living beyond their income and going into debt is one of the besetting sins of the American people. Plenty of folks in this country work all their lives, and die without money enough ahead to bury themselves with. Every day I see old, feeble, gray-headed men who ought to be enjoying their ease in a snug home of their own, trudging off with their lunch-baskets to their daily labor. It doesn't look right or natural. And these old men might, almost every one, have had comfortable homes for their old age. It isn't because they didn't get money enough for their work. It is because they or their wives wasted their earnings. I have known a mechanic's wife to spend her husband's whole week's wages in the preparation of a grand Sunday dinner. I have known folks who lived in a rented house, and had the utmost difficulty in making both ends meet, to make a grand wedding for one of their daughters, buying for the girl elegant and costly garments, exciting the envy and wonder of all the young ladies in the vicinity; and after the grand, ostentatious wedding was all over, and the nine days' wonder had died somewhat away, a dry-goods merchant coolly handed the astonished new-made husband a bill of several hundred dollars for his wife's elegant bridal outfit. Now, I'd rather drown myself outright, than have such a thing as that happen to me. I tell you I'd rather live an old maid ten thousand years, than be guilty of such a thing. It was such a sneaking, humiliating game to play, that was.

Debt is a continual purgatory. It is like a ball and chain to a convict's leg. It is worse than forty rats gnawing forever and everlasting into your meal-barrel. Yes, verily, it's worse than a visitation of a gang of cousins, and that's the worst thing on this earth. It is better to live on mush and molasses, and sleep upon the soft side of a board, than to go in debt. ZIG.

LETTER FROM NEW YORK.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

DEAR POST—I hardly think any of us would like it at all. I know I should not.

I refer to the "meal bag" style of costume spoken of last week by one of your correspondents.

You see there isn't variety enough about it, in the first place; and in the second, it is not in the least artistic—no graceful curves and lines of beauty, you understand. And unfortunately the female mind is so constituted that there must be a happy commingling of both, or the dress won't answer the requirements.

But I am really astonished that one usually so well posted on general matters as Zig has heretofore shown herself, should betray such an alarming ignorance of the comparative time required by the sexes to dress. Now I haven't her letter before me—somebody or other always steals THE POST before I have half time to digest its contents—but I have a general impression of the gist of the communication, and to save me I can't conjecture where Zig could have been brought up, not to have learned ages and ages ago that of all the tedious waitings in this life, waiting for a man to dress is most tedious.

Now my own observation in these matters does not extend very far. I have never timed many gentlemen to find out how long they were engaged at their toilets, but I do know how long it takes *one* man, and judging from the complaints of lady acquaintances, I imagine he must be chain-lightning compared to some of the rest; and I will give you my word that I have dressed two children and myself, and then sat down and read fifteen pages of Proverbial Philosophy, and could have read twenty-five if I hadn't been disturbed by my gentleman's calling out that he couldn't button his confounded collar, and I have rushed in and found the expeditious chap in his stocking feet, his suspenders hanging down to his heels, and his hair tousled all over his head as though he had just emerged from a shower bath—which he hadn't.

Whatever he had been doing all the time I don't know. He was *dressing*, of course, but what he did to take up the time I can't guess. I asked my next door neighbor about it one day, and she "rose to explain" at once. Says she always gives Tom an hour's start when they are getting ready for a lecture or theatre, or anything else that requires a careful toilet, and then she always has to wait until she gets so nervous that she feels as though she should fly.

She says, in the first place, he goes to the drawer and takes out a clean shirt and collar and neck-tie and lays them on the bed; then he washes his hands. After looking around and thinking awhile he remembers that he has got to shave and black his boots; so he takes shirt and collar and neck-tie and lays them back in the drawer for fear they might get soiled. Then he cleans his finger nails, and then he blacks his boots. Then he washes his hands. After this he shaves a little, and combs his hair and gets it arranged in stunning style. Then he tries to get out of his undershirt, and in so doing spoils his hair, then he combs it again, and again spoils it in getting into another shirt. Then he washes his hands.

Next he cuts his corns and trims his toe nails, and puts on his clean socks. Then he washes his hands, as it is right and proper that he should.

So much done, he stands before the glass half an hour, in a very scanty costume, trying to get those blasted bosom studs in; then his sleeve-buttons take ten minutes apiece. His cravat he never did and never could tie, though he thinks he can, and so stands and ties and unties until it would seem there would never be a bit of the silk left; and at last, when it is done to his own satisfaction, one bow is large and the other small, one end long and the other short, and the whole twisted around toward the left ear. That done, he slips into his black unmentionables, and then gives himself a terrible going over with a brush broom. Then he washes his hands and combs his hair. His vest on, there is another vigorous application of the brush broom. After that, he puts on his boots. Then he washes his hands. Then he brushes his coat, and after turning it around a sufficient number of times, he puts it on. Then he stands at the bureau and pours a little cologne on his handkerchief; then, with a little wax, he gives a "Captain Janks" twist to his moustache, swings around on one foot, and contemplates himself before and behind, and you think he is quite ready. But you are mistaken; for he picks up his silk hat and sits down by the stove and warms it a little, then smooths it gently with a soft rag, first on one side, then on the other, and on the top and all around, until the requisite shine is obtained, when he places it jauntily on his head, and admires himself a moment in the glass. Then he washes his hands.

By this time he is in an awful hurry, and seizes his gloves and cane, and rushes down stairs three steps at a time, frightened almost to death for fear he shall have to wait for the woman to put on her bonnet, and thus be too late for the lecture.

Now my neighbor's experience is only one of five hundred thousand, and for my part when we have to lay aside our pretty ruffled skirts and our collars and cuffs and bustles and hoops and basques and overskirts and misty laces and bewildering ribbons, and adopt a "meal-bag" thing with holes cut through for the arms and a puckering string run in around the neck, I want it to be for some more substantial reason than because it takes too long to put them on.

Of course there are some ladies who always "poke." If they had only a dress of fig-leaves they would be forever and ever putting it on; but such are not representative females, and are of no account anyhow. The majority of ladies will dress and be ready for breakfast while a man is standing around rubbing his eyes and trying to think what to do first. It's all very well to talk about a gentleman's sleeping until he hears the breakfast bell, then jumping up, sliding into his clothes, giving himself a little shake and being ready for anything—but we experienced people know that isn't the way it is done—Zig to the contrary notwithstanding.

THE FASHIONS.

A lady just told me with tears in her eyes that bustles were going out. To be entirely fashionable, one must dress flat and straight. The idea is too new to be generally observed and only a few of the ultra elegantes have as yet made their appearance in that shape.

Bonnets are a little prettier than they have been, inasmuch as the crowns are slightly raised, and the coronet front, that never was becoming to anybody, is less pronounced. Straw is the favorite material, and some very pretty specimens are on exhibition, among which are black straws trimmed with gros-grain ribbon, scarlet poppies, and wheat ears that are designed to go with white pique suits which will again be the rage; black belts with pockets and black sashes will also be worn in conjunction with them.

There is a rumor in the air that we are to have an entirely new bonnet, and that it is to be called the Cateche. I'm glad they call it that, for by any other name it probably wouldn't be half as sweet. The bonnet is reported French, and is said to be very stylish and becoming to nearly every type of beauty—but as it has just made its debut in Paris, we shall not be likely to see much of it here before fall, and per consequence we shall go on wearing our hats upon every and all occasions, except christenings, where it is only proper to appear in a bonnet, particularly if you happen to be any relation to the party christened.

OLIVE KING.

THE BEGINNING AND THE END.

Over the meadow we two went forth
On the first bright day in Spring,
When the leaves peep out from the russet boughs,
And the birds begin to sing.
And not a leaf that was new that day
Was fresher at heart than we;
And not a pair in the feathered choir,
More restless with joy could be.
I said that life overflowed with love,
That earth was a sunny place;
For my heart was full of his love for me,
As I gazed on his pleasant face!
And so we wandered and wandered on,
Till we heard the noon-day clang,
Then, as we turned to our homeward path,
We lifted our voices and sang!

A wide brown moor and a blank gray sky,
And never a stirring thing;
And we two walking the very path
That we had trodden in Spring;
Not a word we said—neither he nor I,
And the pain at our hearts was sore,
For the sweet, sweet song, which began in joy,
Died away with a "Never more!"
At last, I said in my bitter scorn,
"I wish we had never met."
And then he prayed, with a choking voice
"That I might be happy yet."
And so we parted—beneath a tree
Whose leaves were yellow and sere;
He went away, and I sat and wept,
And called—but he did not hear.

One or two prints in the morning snow
Up to the churchyard gate;
And the only sound on the frosty air,
When the robin calls her mate.
Again I stand by the side of him,
Whom I walked with long ago;
But I am left alone in the world,
And he is beneath the snow.
And yet I feel we are nearer now,
Than ever we used to be—
An angel is far more merciful,
Than any mortal can be;
So he forgives me for all the pain
Of the cruel words I said—
And knows how I wept on the wide brown moor,
With the blank gray sky o'erhead!

HOME AND SOCIETY.

A CHAPTER ON HOUSE-CLEANING.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

This uncomfortable part of our housework is very needful in a sanitary point of view, because the dust which will accumulate under our carpets, etc., in spite of all our efforts at sweeping and dusting, is not an innocent thing at all.

It is a strange mixture of minute fragments of various things, mingled with germs and spores of animal and vegetable life, which under some circumstances, will surely produce effects most injurious and destructive to human life.

So that when we commence to clean our houses, we should raise just as little dust as possible, and gather it together in such a way that it can be burned up as quickly as may be. Before the carpets are taken up they must be thoroughly swept with good, stiff brooms, and a sprinkling of damp tea leaves should be scattered all over them before the sweeping commences. If they are not to be obtained in sufficient quantities, wet large newspapers and tear them into bits all over the carpets and then sweep them up. They cleanse a carpet a little better than the leaves, we think.

Now take up the carpets carefully, and it is a very good plan, if the room is not occupied, to have the nails removed the evening previous to the cleaning day.

Sweep up the dust which remains on the floor, first scattering damp tea leaves or bits of paper over it, and gather up carefully all the dust which can be obtained. Then mop up the floor with a damp mop, and if there is any desire to make it perfectly free from infectious matter, put one spoonful of carbolic acid into the water used in wiping up the floor.

When the floor is clean, you must turn your attention to the walls and ceilings. Tie a soft towel tightly over the broom, and sweep down every part of them, and brush out the corners with a soft-haired brush, taking down all cobwebs and the like. If the walls are painted, dissolve a teaspoonful of carbonate ammonia into three quarts of water, and with a little hard soap wipe them over. Tea leaves which have been used in the teapot can be saved for a week previously, and then boiled over in a tin pan, and the weak tea used to wash off all varnished paints, mirrors and glass windows.

This makes the best detergent liquid we know of, and by adding a teaspoonful of liquid ammonia to a quart of the tea, all specks can be most easily removed, also smoke stains and all uncleanliness from glass, etc.

A soft flannel cloth or a sponge is far better to clean both paint and glass than either cotton or linen, but a soft linen towel can be used to wipe the paint dry.

No soap suds should ever be put on glass; they always give it a spotted or streaked appearance, and it should always be wiped off with either newspapers or a silk handkerchief; no cloth of cotton or linen should ever touch a mirror or window, if you desire to preserve its brilliancy. Alcohol and water will also cleanse glass to advantage.

In cleaning marble, it is well to make a mixture of one part powdered chalk, one of powdered pumice stone, and one of saleratus or common soda, and tie them up in a coarse muslin rag; then wet the marble mantel-piece or table, and shake out the powder over it; rub it hard with a soft piece of flannel until the spots are gone; then wash in pure water, and wipe off with a piece of dry flannel.

No soap should ever be used on marble.

For whitewashing the walls, the best wash is made by adding a pound of alum and three pints of smoothly-made flour paste, well boiled with one pound of white glue and one pound of sugar, to one common-sized pailful of whitewash. Thus made, it will neither rub nor flake off, but will be glossy, hard and smooth.

To polish up the old furniture take a mixture made of one ounce of turpentine, two ounces of beeswax, and one drachm of powdered rosin, melted together by a slow heat, at the back part of the stove, and rubbed on, when thoroughly cold, with a soft bit of flannel.

If there are cracks in your doors or furniture, fill them up with putty mixed with India-red until of the proper color, and then dry well, and polish with varnish.

Fresh paper always goes a great way toward cleansing a room, and it does look *so* clean and smell *so* sweet.

"But the cost!" cries Mrs. Albright; "just think of that! Those paper-hangers charge great wages, and tear your room all to pieces into the bargain."

Very true, my friend, but let me show you a room that, with the aid of our Nora, was nicely papered only a week ago. We purchased the paper at twenty-five cents a roll, and it has a lovely tint of lavender, with a stripe of richest crimson running through it. First, we measured my walls, and as the paper was two feet wide, easily calculated the number of rolls required, and also the yards of bordering needed for both the wall and the mop-boards, and wider bordering for the corners and the door; both were selected of the deepest crimson velvet and gilt paper. Seven dollars was all the paper cost, yet we must pay nearly if not quite as much more, to put it on, so we undertook to do it, and Nora was our assistant in the work. When the room had been cleared of the furniture and carpet, we brought the kitchen table in, and cut our paper in right lengths upon it. Flour-paste, had been made as smooth as starch, and we added a quarter of a pound of alum to it while it was boiling. Then we had a whitewash brush, with a long handle, and wetted the old paper with it, until it stripped off readily. Nora took a pail of hot water, with a pint of strong vinegar stirred into it, and with the same brush wiped over the walls with it. Next we took a large paint brush to put the paste on to the paper, after having trimmed off the edges, and when it was all pasted, laid one pasted end of it two-thirds of the way over the other end. Then, with a large, soft cloth under our arm, we mounted the step-ladder and laid on the first piece, commencing at a corner up at the top of the wall, and with the cloth pressed it upward toward the ceiling, and straight at the edges; then stepped down from the steps unfolding the pasty sides of the paper, and brought them down to the mop-board, pressing the whole paper smoothly with the cloth. After finishing one side of the room, I became rather weary of the operation, but Nora had caught the knack of it by looking at me, and her willing hands and strong muscles applied the paper while I pasted and cut, and told her just how the bordering should go on, until all of it was completed most successfully.

Of course, we selected a day when *pater familias* was absent from home, so that a "tea-dinner" could suffice for the feminines and children of the house, and upon his return the sitting-room was in excellent order, the carpet nailed down by one of the boys of the family, and all hands had made light work in returning the furniture to the beautified room, which at so small an expense had been produced from a very commonplace room.

"Well, well! I declare you women do work wonders when you make the attempt," was his pleased ejaculation, which fully repaid us for our trouble, and made the willing Nora desirous of making farther attempts at paper-hanging, but we thought we would postpone them until another season. DAISY EYEBRIGHT.

The Gala Day of an Idler.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Mark, reader! It is one of those glorious, dreamy days in the springtime of the year, when the vapory atmosphere is redolent with a mild fragrance, and the mild, voluptuous beauty, Spring, rising flower-crowned from the stormy couch of Winter, like a coquettish maiden flaunts her gay garments over the world; when the twittering birds murmur their exuberant happiness from the green depths of the humid woods, and the passive mind imbibing the lazy joy of surrounding nature, wanders dreamily forth through the budding forests, or over the wide, sunny landscape and revels in the mere idle luxury of sense. This is the day that I have all to myself, to do whatever I please with. I have always acknowledged a liking for solitude; now whether this is to be considered as a constitutional weakness to which I am peculiarly subject above other persons, or whether it is to be received as an enviable natural endowment with which I am eminently gifted, I do not pretend to say; but howe'er that may be, solitude and I have always been very good friends, and whenever I have been able to snatch a passing hour from the incessant importunities of that engrossing fellow Society, I have made a rule to pay him a visit, either upon the shaggy front of the lonely mountain, or down by the silent river shore, in either of which places I am pretty sure to find him. One of our most frequent and lovely trysting places, is a bright, pleasant little nook of a valley which rests high up among the hoary hills upon the opposite shore of the river. This little vale is all full of rocks, and moss-grown cataracts, and dark, ancient pines, and glad sunny places, and through it there frets and foams a mad little torrent; such a miniature one, that you would laugh to see its puny wrath as it fumes and struggles in its stony bed. Here the maiden Nature seems to have hollowed out a natural museum, and to have placed in it all her choicest treasures. Give me your hand, reader, and leaving behind the world, let us wander away for awhile through this little earthly paradise, and I will point out to you its delights.

How refreshing, to turn from the long, hot stretch of the weltering highway, into the cool, breezy gloom of the fragrant woods, and draw long, delicious breaths of the incense-laden air. Hark! let us listen awhile to the wild melody of that solitary songster, who seems pouring his whole tiny soul away in music from yonder twig, thinking of nothing in the wide world but his own tender lay. Softly! softly! or we will disturb him. A faint twitter, a parting chirp, and he is up and away startled by our rude approach. On we go, clambering over great rocks and fallen trees, tearing through beds of matted brushwood, or perhaps loitering slowly along through some little fairy glade, that sleeps like a flashing gem amidst the surrounding ruggedness, pausing ever and anon to pluck some wood flower fairer than her blooming sisters, or to note the exquisite beauty of some striking miniature landscape. As we move along, I strike my foot sharply against a coverd stone, and utter an impatient exclamation, then laugh, as the shrill voice of Echo shouts back my words; and then as the laugh also is repeated, we both shout more boisterously than before, till the very rocks and trees around seem to have departed from their ancient grave decorum, and to have joined in the chorus of merriment.

How cool and delicious is the gloom thrown by the overhanging branches of this aged giant of a pine, and what a pretty little cascade is that yonder, with the single sunbeam dancing and flickering in the midst? Let me sketch it. Poor enough! and as I fling the paper impatiently aside, the little cataract seems to laugh me to derision as it tinkles down over the rocky ledge, and then chuckles and riots away on its mad course toward the distant river. How utterly impossible it is to seize and embody upon paper that innate spirit of poesy which tingles and glows in even the least of nature's works.

Now we leave behind the little cascade, its beauties doubly enhanced by my ineffectual attempt to catch them, and enter a pleasant twilighted glen, where the ground beneath the dark pines is covered with a spread of soft, velvety verdure, and an occasional sunbeam struggling through heavy umbrageous foliage falls like a golden star upon the smooth surface of the brook, which here moves drowsily along over a broad, even floor of yellow sand, and seems resting itself after a fierce warfare among the rocks and underwood above.

The clear sparkling water, and the clean, pleasant sand, look so enticing that involuntarily I cast aside my shoes and stockings and begin paddling in the cool stream; scarcely, however, have my feet touched the water, when a sharp startling rattle rings out close beside me—and springing hastily up, I perceived half of the gray glittering length of a large serpent protruded from a neighboring bush; its distended head is waving from side to side in venomous rage, while a cold, deadly light gleams from its unwinking eyes, and its fiery tongue flies like lightning about its sundered jaws. A moment it remains in this position as if undecided whether to strike or not, and then lowering its head, it glides away with a hissing, rattling noise among the bushes. I watch its departure with intense satisfaction—and then deliberately drawing on my shoes and stockings, leave the spot, feeling by no means inclined to make the acquaintance of any of snakey's friends or relations who might take it into their heads to favor me with a like interview, especially since his countenance was none of the most agreeable.

Let us move on. At the head of the shady glen just traversed, we stumble into a very miniature paradise of pastoral beauty, all surrounded by shaggy, untamed rocks, and above the rocks, trees, great patriarchial fellows, all, whose converging branches form a circular loophole overhead, through which the deep smiling blue of the sky looks down upon a perfect little gem of a lake which the brook forms here by widening out into the bowl of a natural amphitheatre. On one side of this pool a great tree—all overgrown with creepers and forest vines, whose clinging tendrils seem struggling to hide from sight the gradual decay of the hoary monarch—stretches its fallen length full across the little arena; and on the other, the gentle slope is carpeted with a rich velvety covering of moss, which looks so enticing that I cannot resist the temptation to prostrate myself upon the natural couch. Down we go together, you and I, reader, side by side. How deliciously soft it is? What exquisite pleasure sweeping aside all self-restraint to roll in joyous abandon over the cool velvety floor? I try it again, but am suddenly reminded that every pleasure hath its pain, and brought back to a state of reasonable soberness, by the unexpected presence of a stinging chestnut-burr in the yielding couch. Then stretching myself lazily out on my back, I think how glorious it would be, casting up the world and its ambitions, triumphs, joys, and sorrows, to wear one's whole life out here upon this mossy bank, with none save the self-born creatures of fancy for companions, and this primeval amphitheatre for the stage of their exploits. As I lie here waiting to be amused, a whole train of miniature panoramas are conjured up one after another it would seem for my special benefit.

First there comes hopping along a garrulous, talkative squirrel, a right merry little fellow, with a quick, alert manner, and bright wide-open eyes, who pauses suddenly, rises upon his haunches, cocks his head knowingly on one side, and gives me a quizzical glance, all in such close proximity that I could place my hand upon him; but his trustfulness has earned his safety. Chirp and chatter away, old fellow, I would not harm you for all the world. He cocks his head on the other side, gives one more knowing wink, and apparently having satisfied himself that I am a dangerous character, away he goes up the rough bark of yonder chestnut, no doubt to communicate his fears to his mate, who resides with him in a capacious hollow of its hoary trunk.

Next I observe a troop of valorous little red ants in conflict with one enormous black fellow, who appears to be having decidedly the best of the encounter. The battle ground is a large last year's chestnut leaf, and the fight rages now at one end, now at another, as the tide of war bears the combatants from side to side. Woe to the poor ant who ventures within reach of those black nippers; he is seized quickly by the body, receives one terrible crunch, and his dead carcass is dropped, while the fearful instruments proceed to grasp and serve likewise another imprudent fellow who has been unlucky enough to fall within their sweep. Hot and fearful is the conflict; one after one the combatants fall, until of the soldierly band of valiant little red fellows who made the bold onset, there remain only four. I grow quite excited as I watch the sanguinary struggle, and inwardly vow to despatch the despotic giant should he in the end come out victor. He is now sorely wounded, and nearly destitute of legs, but he nevertheless struggles away with a fierce, determined bravery that bids fair in the end to bring him the victory. At length he succeeds in laying three of his four opponents dead; he has the remaining one! No, the little fellow is upon the monster's back, and at the imminent danger of his own life contrives to gripe him by the neck. There is a wild, frantic struggle for a few moments, one or two short, convulsive starts, then a long, tremulous quiver, and the black giant turns over dead. The sole survivor proceeds leisurely to remove from the way some of his dead brethren, and then grasping his bulky enemy, bears him bodily away over hill and dale toward the fraternal residence in an adjacent log.

The late battle is scarcely concluded, when there comes wavering and fluttering by a gorgeous spring butterfly in all the fresh splendor of its newly-painted plumage. Awhile the pretty thing hovers coquettishly over the little lakelet, unaware of its danger, but at length stooping too low, it is caught by the rapacious flood and borne away on its bosom to be dashed to pieces among the rapids below. Thus I think—as I lay back supinely upon the pleasant couch—it is with life; when we sun ourselves in the rosy rays of happiness and plenty, and prosperity seems most secure within our grasp, we are suddenly dragged down by the unseen but irresistible current of mutability which flows under all, and are borne away to struggle amid the dark and troubled rapids of adversity.

And now as I lie gazing with half-closed eyes into the blue depths of space, my mind wanders back through the brilliant hall of the goldent past, and the little glade is peopled with the storied forms of other days. Old Lear gathers "Rank fumiter and furrow weeds" along the margin of the brook, and bellows his rude curses o'er the hills around. Fair Juliet treads softly the shaded grove, a tender love-dream sleeping upon her spiritual brow. The ghost-ridden Prince of Denmark pours forth his melancholy soul in mighty words as he paces moodily the darker corners of the wood; and the haunted murderer of Duncan hurries wildly by, imploring pity of his victim's pursuing ghost. Like shades they come and go. Yonder moves one weaving chaplets of flowers, and chanting a sad plaintive love ditty; thou, poor maid, can be none other than Ophelia. She too passes on, and then I hear the deep thunder of Thor's hammer resound along the hills, and the bold Sigurd leads his victorious hordes to battle before my sight, and the mighty Queen Margaret of the three crowns, sweeps proudly by and away among the dark pines. Then the murmuring echoes of the mighty hammer of the Northern god, sink into silence, and the whole scene is changed.

The bold rugged scenery of the north is transformed into the gorgeous garden-like verdure of the Orient. Sweet strains of rich voluptuous music swell upward from groves of magnolias and citron, while fragrant orange blossoms fling their sweet odors upon the balmy air, and the cool breath of fountains sweeps breezily through the sea-green twilight of the woods. First, the fair Laila Rookh and her poet lover roam slowly along by the banks of a musical rivulet, which winds its sinuous way like a thread of silver among groves of sweet-smelling limes, while the fretted shrines of an Eastern city flash and gleam in the bright distance.

He speaks to her burning words of love, and as she listens a timid but beautiful smile steals over heavenly features, and she lays her fair hand in his. Their ephemeral forms vanish away like a picture from the stereopticon, and others fill their places; one, a maiden pure, tender, childlike; the other a youth of twenty; stern, thoughtful, handsome. Zuleika and Selim. His brow is overcast with thought, and a look of firm determination rests in his flashing gaze, while she with the innocent merriment of a child, attempts to drive from his mind the cloud of care that glooms over it. He smiles down for a moment upon her playfulness, and then his brow resumes the same stern fixed look, and they move away and are seen no more. Then there comes from out the green depths of the wood, one gushing with the free merriment of untutored youth, and pure and ethereal as the maiden of a dream. It is Haidee. She sings airily as she goes, and gaily places a crown of orange blossoms upon her golden locks; then laughs as she sees the reflection of the pretty picture in the still stream. Suddenly she pauses, and with longing, wistful looks approaches to where I recline. She takes a seat beside me, and her beautiful, melting eyes as she gazes into mine are eloquent with new-born love. At once I am transformed into Don Juan, and taking her lily hands in mine, we rise and wander away through the gorgeous tropical forests, in a wild, ecstatic dream of bliss. Together we tread the gilded halls of the Ionian palace, together mingle in the light mazes of the Grecian dance, we watch the rising and the setting of the stars together, and together dream in the deep silence of the noonday woods. But at length the terrible moment of our parting is at hand. The old tyrant Lambro looms above us with a black frown upon his cruel features, and laughs a deep scornful laugh. I rise in a fiery rage, and grasping my sword, with a fearful cry I run the old villain through the body; others enter the room; the melee thickens; a dastardly Greek sweeps off one of my lower limbs; I shout madly for help, and then the whole scene fades from my sight, and I awake to find myself bawling till the woods ring again, while one leg rests calmly in about a foot of water. I came within an ace of rolling in bodily in my Don Juanic rage, but was saved by the opportune presence of a stout bush growing on the water's edge. A sizable stick, plunged several inches into the earth near by, bears evidence of the right good blow I dealt the old reprobate, Lambro.

With a rueful countenance I draw my new boot out of the water, rise from my mossy bed and walk thoughtfully homeward, moralizing in a general way on the bad principles of dreaming in the day-time. But ere the home-door is gained, the dampness has in a measure departed from my boot, and consequently from my spirit; and as I stand upon the threshold and mark how the gray twilight draws a shadowy shroud over the lower hills, and the old sun above sinks in a glory of flaming clouds, I think that after all this may not be an altogether lost day. This satisfactory conclusion is no doubt largely aided by a grateful odor of frying beefsteaks which proceeds from within doors, and an enormous capability on my part to appreciate them.

L. B. B.

THE FAIREST MAIDEN.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Fill, gallants, another beaker of this juice of Italia's clime;
I drink a fairer maid than all the maids of the olden time;
Than the queenly Cleopatra; than the guilty Rosamond;
Than old Troy's immortal Helen; than young Mary fair and fond.

Than the gentle Hebrew daughter, though the fairest maid seen
Among all the tribes of Judah; than proud Scotia's lovely queen;
Than the wondrous witch of France who rode the land a conqueror;
Than the stern but splendid features of the injured Eleanor.

Then I drink to raven lashes, to a dewy wine-red mouth,
And to eyes that flash and sparkle with the fire of the South;
For I quaff this goblet, gallants—make the glasses ring and start—
To the fairest maid in all the world, the maiden of my heart.

MERLIN.

New Year's Calls.

The young gentleman of the period "calls" on New Year's day. His hair is dressed by the barber, his moustache is waxed, his gloves new, and altogether he "smells as sweet as a milliner." He enters, bows, smiles—"how do?" smiles again, and modestly looks down at his shirt-bosom, at his vest, watch-chain, pants and boots—takes a little twitch at the two horns of his moustache, and smiles again. "Thought I'd drop in—had but a moment, but knew my friends would expect me to-day. Ah! dismal weather!" "Yes, we should have missed you so much, Mr. Sniffkins—I was just remarking to Ambrosiana that I hoped you would come—some wine?" "Ah—well—ah! thank you. In New York and Bost'n, where I was in s'ciety for two winters, I called once on a day very much like this. It was very muddy—indeed it was. Your health, ladies—a merry, merry New Year."

A smile and another survey from head to foot, and then another smile. "Well, good-day, ladies; I am truly sorry, but good-day. A merry, merry New Year—good-day," and another smile. "Oh, Mr. Sniffkins is *so* charming, Ambie, dear,—isn't he? Such a *nice* person." "Yes, my dear, but a great idiot—not a spoonful of brains." "Oh! *Ambie*, arn't you ashamed? He is one of the handsomest gentlemen in s'ciety. His salary, you know, is nearly three thousand. You don't know him, or you wouldn't say that—perhaps he doesn't visit you?" "No, my dear, he does not, and I'm glad of it. He's such a puzzle-head, I wouldn't be bored by him for all his salary." Sniffkins's ear burns as he walks away. "Hanged," says he, "if Ambie didn't look lovingly at me to-day. B'lieve I'll flirt with her."

☞ A Titusville father, who sold his oil before hard times struck the region, and who has a quartette of beautiful daughters, has worn out the toes of four pair of boots this winter, helping the young men down the icy steps of his residence, who have called to chat with the girls.

A DREAM OF GREEN FIELDS.

BY E. CLAXTON.

She sat within a humble room,
In a close London street;
For many a long and weary hour
Scarce had she left her seat,
And hands and eyelids oft had drooped
With weariness and heat.

All through the dreary winter time,
All through the fitful spring,
From early morn till even chime,
Time dragged his heavy wing
For her, the maiden fair, who knew
Nor change nor blossoming.

Summer had come—'twas still the same,
Still endless hem and seam;
But now the work fails from her hands—
Smiles on the pale lips gleam:
An angel seems to bring to her
A bright and pleasant dream.

Her bird's low twitter in the cage,
The waft of summer air,
Have borne her back to other days,
When skies and hopes were fair,
And in her cottage home in Kent
She knew not grief or care.

She wanders through the fields so green,
Rests 'neath the hedge-row trees,
Inhales the pleasant wild rose scent
Cast on the summer breeze;
Her hands are full of flowers—her heart
Of joy, for all she sees.

She hears her brothers at their play,
And by the cottage door,
Her mother singing sweet and low
Some simple ditty o'er,
Unto the babe upon her knee,
As in the days of yore.

And now she leans upon the gate,
Just where the nut-trees grow;
A bright young face looks down on hers,
Her name is whispered low;
Her hand is in the loving grasp
She well knew long ago.

Old hopes, old friends, old loves come back,
Smoothed is the pallid brow;
Must she awake to work again?
Must care the young heart bow?
Sweet is her sleep! ah, wake her not!
She is so happy now.

The Cost of Conquest.

BY CLEMENTINE MONTAGU.

CHAPTER XV.

By the dark steeple—"Two!"
And now I know that day is near.
—*H. Cleveland Coxe.*

Whatever notions Mrs. Mayhew had in her head about her brother's disappearance, she kept them to herself. Not even to the minister of the parish, to whom she and her husband went with the strange tale of what had happened, did she tell what she had on her mind. She allowed them to take their own way in the matter, to advertise and offer rewards for the missing man, and never interfered, except to say, in a quiet, determined sort of fashion, it was no use, her brother was dead. But the unfortunate affair made a changed woman of her. She lost the hearty spirits and cheery ways that had been so characteristic of her, and grew thin and pale, "moping" her husband called it, and began to wish in his heart that Sam Edwards's return had never been proposed.

And all this time the year was waning. The snow came and covered the hill-tops, and then lower, and laid on the green earth a mantle of white.

Christmas came, with its mirth and jollity, and a goodly company assembled at Boscobel to keep it in true country-house fashion. Good old English cheer smoked upon the tables, and mirth and fun were everywhere. The servants'-hall was decorated and lit, and in the grand old dining-room, where the lazy monks had fed and said saintly grace over their sumptuous cheer, there were lights and music, and the sound of merry laughter and twinkling feet keeping time to its lively notes. For Philip had insisted upon keeping the day of days as it was kept by his forefathers, and letting all under his roof, whether worth a hundred thousand pounds or nothing beyond their yearly stipend of hardly-earned wages, join all together in the rejoicing that comes alike to high and low on the day when the angels sang in the skies their song of rejoicing over the gift bestowed upon the lower world. So, after the early dinner was over, and the hot cook had been the recipient of numberless compliments from the eaters thereof, and the servants had had time to dress, there were to be games and dances in the hall, in which the guests and their host would mingle. Every one was there, even to old David from the lodge, who had come up to "see the gentlefolks."

"And I've been here man and boy sixty year and better," he said, when Philip went up to him and spoke kindly to him; "but they die and go, the Reynells—they die and go; there's none left now."

"None!" said Mr. Nottley, coming up. "Here's one, Taffy—a fine, handsome one—and you and I will live to see many more, please Heaven. There's my little girl has got a Christmas-box for you. Won't you shake hands with her?"

He lifted his bleared eyes, and stared at Gwendoline, who, in her white, flowing dress and blue ribbons, looked a very fairy of goodness as she came up with a soft, warm coat over her arm.

"That's to sit by the fire in, Taffy," she said, with a smile; "and that's to put round your neck when you go out. Look at yourself, and see how smart I've made you."

She turned him round to the great glass, that he might see the scarlet comforter she had twisted round his neck.

"It looks like blood, dearie," he said, gazing vacantly at it and her; "like the blood that'll maybe flow before all's cleared up. You keep away from Boscobel, and it won't be yours. There's wrong and mischief somewhere—I'm too old to know where. My eyes are too dim with the great darkness that's coming to see; but it will come out, and murder won't stop it, though they think it will."

"What does he mean?" said Gwendoline, frightened, clinging to Philip's arm.

He was very pale. Old Taffy seemed to be always full of portentous speeches whenever he saw him, and he devoutly wished the venerable servant of his uncle anywhere but where he was at the present moment.

"Nothing, dear; he's in his dotage—that's all."

"That's just it, sir," said his granddaughter, a buxom woman of forty, coming up and dropping an apologetic curtsey. "He does be just going on all day like that. He don't mean anything, miss. Come along, daddy, and don't be frightening the gentlefolks."

"I didn't frighten any one. It's what's coming as will frighten 'em, not me. Maybe I shall be dead and gone—maybe—but the ruin and the misery will come for all that. Where's the hot cider?" he maundered on, with senile wandering from one subject to another. "They said I should have hot cider, and I hav'nt had none yet."

"So you shall; come along," said the woman, pulling him by the arm. "I am so ashamed of him, sir—I am, indeed."

"Poor old fellow, he means no harm," said Philip, gently. "A few years ago, when his senses were not quite so dim, he would have prophesied all kinds of good fortune to a Reynell—wouldn't you, Taffy?"

He placed his hand on the old man's arm; but he shook it off as though it had been a serpent.

"Not for you," he said, sharply.

"Not for my father's son? You used to love my father, Taffy."

"I would lay down my old life for Major Reynell's son," he replied, enigmatically, and then once more preferred his piping request for warm cider.

"You'd better take him home, Hannah; he's hardly fit to be here," Mr. Nottley said to the woman, who stood by, dropping deprecating curtseys now and then to the little crowd of the Abbey guests who had gathered round them.

"I will if I can get him to come, sir," she replied. "He's main tiresome now and then. Oh, if 'twould only please Heaven to take him!" she added, with such earnest emphasis that there was a general laugh, and the uncomfortable feeling engendered by the old man's words was in some measure dispelled.

"Hannah has not the slightest unkind meaning in that speech," Mr. Nottley said, as she led the old man away toward the fire, where the warm cider and toast were in course of distribution. "She merely feels that Taffy and the world would both be benefited by the change. She treats him very kindly, but her aspiration is so frequently and so fervently uttered that it has become quite a by-word round about here."

Old Taffy was destined to make himself more unpleasant yet before the striking of twelve o'clock ushered in Christmas Day. Games and dances were alike over, and guests and servants were grouped around the fire, waiting for the stroke of twelve, and the good wishes that came with it, as the signal for dispersing. Old Taffy had steadfastly refused to go home.

"He wasn't a-going till he'd seed in Christmas Day," he declared, and as he sat very quietly by the fire, and made no more unpleasant speeches, they let him alone.

The clock struck at last, and Philip, standing up with Gwendoline by his side, wished them all a merry Christmas in a huge bowl of the hot cider the old man so loved. When the health and good wishes had gone round Taffy had another proposition to make.

"Bean't any on you going to look for the White Lady? Everybody seen the White Lady on Christmas eve."

The young men and girls looked at one another nervously. Philip turned to Mr. Nottley.

"Who's the White Lady?" he asked.

"Oh, she's the Boscobel ghost," replied Gwendoline, with a smile, "and a very useful person she is too. You must go out all together, as many as you like, to her special haunt, and walk round it nine times without saying a word—if you speak you'll break the spell—and then she comes, and the first person who sees her will be married within the year."

"I vote we try," said Philip. "Has any one here had the privilege of meeting the lady?"

"I don't believe any one has ever had courage to try the spell properly," Gwendoline said, laughing. Lots of people go to the place and begin; but when they get to seven and a half or eight times round they get frightened, and take to their heels."

"We'll walk round twenty times if she wishes us to. Who is she—or rather, who was she? I suppose she had an identity in the world some time?"

He had quite recovered from the annoyance the old man had caused him, and was in his usual cheerful spirits. Bright-eyed and handsome, light of speech and pleasant of manner, he was indeed in outward seeming a fitting master of Boscobel, and well-mated partner for the fair young creature who hung upon his arm, answering his lightly-put questions with words as light.

"Oh, she was the daughter of an old master of Boscobel, who wanted to marry some one her father didn't like, and wouldn't marry some one he did, and she disappeared, and was found dead long after."

"With blood upon her," struck in the irrepressible old Taffy; "blood like this here thing around my neck. Tell him where they found her, dearie—a fatal place for Boscobel always—the Ladye Passage."

"Was she found there?" Philip said, his liveliness dying away as if by magic.

"She was."

"And you go there—to the mouth of that dangerous hole—to seek this ghost?"

His manner was stern, almost angry, now, for the Ladye Passage was the very place he was so anxious to have bricked up, and which was already surrounded with boarding.

"No, we don't, but we mean to," said Gwendoline, facing him with a saucy smile. "Why, I do believe you are afraid, Philip!"

There was the least possible touch of scorn in her words, and she turned to Mr. Nottley.

"Come, guardy," she said, "you shall be my cavalier. You and I will lead the way, and do the orthodox walk-round that calls up the prophetic lady. Who knows what she may whisper to us!"

"Don't think of such folly," said Philip, sternly. "You must be mad, Gwendoline, to think of such foolish freaks. My friends," he continued, turning to the servants, while Gwendoline shrank abashed at the sternness of his tone, "understand; I forbid any of you to go to the ruins for any such foolery. I will not have any lives here endangered by going to the ruins to-night. Do you hear me? On pain of instant dismissal, I forbid you to go."

"You exaggerate the actual peril of the place, I think," Mr. Nottley said. "But I am sure they will obey you: you have quite frightened them by your vehemence."

"I did not mean to do that," he said, with a return to his old frankness, "only I don't want to hear of any broken necks or limbs. See to it, Guiseppe. I look to you to see they don't go and hunt up this White Lady."

Guiseppe promised, and the servants were left to themselves, to gossip for a full hour over their master's strange excitement at the idea of their going to the ruins.

"What has he got buried in that hole, that we are not even to go and look at it?" Harriet Myers asked, when she was alone with her lover for a moment.

His answer was somewhat enigmatical, and puzzled her not a little—

"A fortune!"

"Why don't some go and dig it up?" she said, thinking he was only answering her in fun.

"They would be too late if they did; spades have been at work already."

"And he is going to brick it over?"

"You English have a proverb about shutting a stable door," the Maltese said, quietly. "That is just what Mr. Reynell is going to do. Don't look at me like that, Miss Myers. When you are my wife you will know all."

Philip Reynell bade his friends good-night, or good-morning rather, for the church bells had rang out their welcome to the birthday of the Saviour of the world, and the village choir from Mrs. Nottley's pet school had come up under the windows to sing the carols, and had been regaled with good things, to the refreshing of the inner man and the detriment of their voices, and at last they separated till breakfast-time the next day.

"Next Christmas Day, you will be mistress here," Philip had said to Gwendoline, with a kiss upon her upturned face as they parted; and she had blushed and laughed, and said something about many a slip between cup and lip, &c.

Alone in his room, he dismissed Guiseppe, who came in his usual noiseless, obsequious manner, and sat at his window thinking.

The moon, at the full, poured down a perfect flood of light upon the ruin and the dark trees around, and lit upon the soft untrodden snow till it shone like molten silver. It was a fair prospect, a fair inheritance, a glorious position to be master of such a place; yet Philip Reynell's brow grew dark as he looked and thought. He thought of India—of Katherine Branscombe, who might come to claim the fulfilment of his promise—perhaps before his marriage was completed; of the brave old colonel, her father, even then penning words of blessing to him with his dying fingers; and he ground a curse between his teeth as he looked out on the fine old domain of the Reynells.

"I should like to bury it all ten thousand fathoms deep in the sea!" he hissed between his set teeth, "and all prying, inquisitive fools along with it. With Gwendoline and freedom, I'd begin a new life in another land. What's that?"

Something was stirring in the vicinity of the Ladye Passage, and thinking that some of the servants had disobeyed him, and gone ghost-hunting, he hastily opened the window, and went down the steps which led out into the ruin. All was still now within and without the Abbey, and the fresh frozen snow crackled crisply under his feet as he walked over it. He reached the boarding and stood looking over it. It had broken away in one place, and the dark hole looked darker than ever. Not a soul was near it, and thinking it was fancy, he was going to turn away and go back to his bright room, with its glowing fire, when a man's face and form arose out of the very midst of the black depths, and confronted him. Pale, haggard and worn to a skeleton, it glared at him with wild eyes, from which all lustre had departed, and Philip Reynell felt his heart give a strange leap, with a pain like a stab, for the face that arose thus out of the haunted passage was the face of his missing servant, Edwards!

Clutching at the boards to save himself, with the phantom eyes gleaming at him within arm's length of his face, he uttered a low moan, and sank insensible on the snow, just as the ubiquitous Guiseppe, who had heard him go out, and watched him from the window of his own room, came to his aid.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE BOSCOBEL LETTER-BAG.

And to make idols, and to find them clay,
And to bewail the worship.—*Hemans.*

The snow, the Lady's Passage, the face of the man, which seemed to rise from it to confront him, might all have been a wild dream of Philip Reynell's brain, for when he woke to consciousness again he was lying on his couch before the bright fire in his own room. The heavy curtains were drawn, and the pretty apartment in all its usual order. The smell of the essence he usually took when attacked by spasms of the heart complaint was strong in the air, and Guiseppe stood near him, with a glass in his hand, watching for his recovery.

"What is it?" he said, with a bewildered sensation of something uncomfortable having befallen him. "Have I been ill? Ah, I remember!" as the thought of what he had seen came back with sickening distinctness. "I was out there. How did I come in here?"

"I brought you in, sir," the valet replied, quietly, putting the glass to his master's lips.

Philip swallowed a little of its contents, and memory came back more clearly.

"How did you know? Were you out there, too? It was fortunate you were, for the cold is very bad for me when I get these attacks."

"I was looking out of this window when you fell, sir," was Guiseppe's quiet answer.

He regarded his master with attentive scrutiny while he spoke.

"And what were you doing here? I thought I had dismissed you?"

"I came to see if you wanted anything more. I knocked twice, and getting no answer, I took the liberty of entering, fearing you were ill. I saw the window wide open, and reached it just in time to see you fall."

"But did you see no one else? I heard some one stirring out there, and thought it was the servants going out ghost-hunting against my express desire. It was not any one from the Abbey; it was—"

He turned so deathly white at the recollection that the valet again offered him the glass; but he put it away from him.

"No," he said, "I am all right now. I don't know what made me so nervous—I suppose it was the surprise; but the man I saw there was my old servant, Edwards!"

"Indeed, sir!"

"Yes, rising from that horrible passage, which seems so very full of wretched associations. Where can he have been all this time?"

He strove to light a cigar as he spoke; but his shaking hand rendered the attempt abortive, and Guiseppe took the light from his master, and ignited the fragrant Havana, smiling the while a satisfied, amused sort of smile that Philip resented at once.

"What are you grinning there at?" he asked. "Because I am amazed at seeing a fellow I don't want, and thought I had got rid of, eh? You ought to be thankful I did get rid of him. If I had not you would not have the easy berth you have of it here."

"I beg your pardon most humbly, sir," said the Maltese; "I was not laughing in any disrespect. I am truly grateful to you for my place, and all the kindness you have shown me. I am only glad you were mistaken, sir."

"Mistaken! How?"

"The man you mean seemed to come out of the hole, did he not?"

"Yes!"

Philip Reynell shivered at the bare recollection of the apparition.

"Then, sir, I am glad to say you never were more mistaken. I saw the man, too, and the people who came after him. He is a poor lunatic from the private asylum near Brecon. Doc—Doc—"

He fumbled in his pocket, and produced a crumpled piece of paper.

"Doctor Brash—that's the name, sir—Llanygon House."

"Are you sure?"

"Quite sure, sir. The men came up while I was lifting you from the ground, and one of them helped me to carry you in. The poor fellow had run away late in the afternoon, and they had been tracking him ever since, till he got behind that boarding. It's a mercy he didn't break his neck!"

It might have been a mercy if he had," said Philip, with chattering teeth. "Give me that fur cloak, Santi—I'm perished; I think I must have caught cold. That will do. Now tell me all about it. Whose asylum did you say?"

"Doctor Brash, Llanygon House, near Brecon," Guiseppe replied. "I asked the keepers all particulars, and I ventured to give them some refreshment: they were much exhausted."

"Quite right. Did any one else see the lunatic?"

"Two or three of the men, sir. They were attracted by the noise; but the poor fellow was very quiet, and did not speak to any of them. I think they said he was from somewhere up in the hills yonder.—I cannot say the name."

"Very few people can; there's a good deal of toothache in Welsh names," said his master, laughing.

He had quite recovered his equanimity now, and bade Guiseppe go to bed—he was quite well; which that gentleman did, and spent the rest of the night writing a long letter, in which he enclosed a bank-note, and which he carefully posted himself at the post-office at Hay, taking a six-miles' ride for that purpose before the household was stirring. It must have been important, for he did not like riding, and always had sudden death before his eyes when the Fates set him on a horse's back.

Philip Reynell made a little journey the day after New Year's Day, in which he did not require the attendance of Monsieur Guiseppe Santi. He rode over to the asylum, of which he had the address, and had an interview with Dr. Brash.

Why he wanted confirmation of his valet's story was best known to himself; but he did. He found the doctor extremely courteous, and the institution over which he presided opened to daily and hourly inspection if any one chose to make it. It was bright, and warm, and comfortable, and the hapless, witless creatures whom fate had consigned to the proprietor's keeping looked as well as most lunatics do, though they could have told of sudden baths, of whips, and chains, and torture, if they had dared to speak.

Dr. Brash was an oily, sleek-looking man, with a smooth tongue and a quiet, cat-like manner; and he was profuse in his apologies for the mischance that had taken one of his patients into the Boscobel grounds.

"His was not a violent case, poor fellow," he said, speaking pityingly and softly. "His was more a loss of faculty than absolute madness. He would have harmed no one, but most likely have wandered away, and been found dead of cold and hunger. It was a good thing he was overtaken before he got farther away."

"I should like to see him."

Dr. Brash rubbed his hands, and said he was very sorry, but the patient was no longer at Llanygon House. A brother, well-off, had come home from South America somewhat suddenly, and insisted on his being taken home.

"A very unwise proceeding, but I had no option," he said; "they would not be advised by me."

His visitor was very inquisitive about this man, and asked for his name and address. It was given him at once.

"If you still will wish to see him," the doctor said, "there will be no difficulty. His friends are simple country people, and will take no offence at a visit."

Apparently, Mr. Reynell did still wish it, for he made another lonely journey—this time to a farm near Builth—to see the lunatic. He found him as the doctor had described—a quiet, moping monomaniac—and learned every particular of his escape from the asylum, and his subsequent removal by his friends.

"It didn't seem to me as if they'd treated him kindly, sir," the brother said, "and when they told us that he'd run away, and been hunted like a wild beast through the country, I thought I'd see what I could do; and I think he's brighter like since he came home to Mary and me."

Not all that patient love could do could lengthen that clouded life till the hand that lifts the veil between this world and the next let in Heaven's own light upon it; but they were happy in the belief that it could, and the bodily comfort of the poor creature who sat mumbling and groaning by the fire would shine like a bright waymark on their road to Heaven, when time and its doings should be taken into account for them.

Philip dined with the rector of the parish, whom he knew, and who corroborated the story of the lunatic, and then went home, to be met by the obsequious Guiseppe, whose dark eye had a twinkle of triumph in it as he assisted at his master's night toilet.

"Outwitted!" he said to himself, as he left him for the night. "Yours is a long head, my master, but there are longer ones than yours in the world, for all that!"

The tenth of February was the day fixed for Philip Reynell's marriage with Gwendoline Haydon, and the days began to fly by very rapidly now. To Gwendoline, immersed in all the paraphernalia of wedding preparation, it seemed no sooner morn than 'twas eve again.

She was so innocently happy in all her bridal finery, so delighted with the presents that came pouring in on all sides, that she seemed to be living in a new existence.

The alterations in the Abbey were finished, the obnoxious Ladye Passage was bricked over, and no one had troubled or haunted the master of Boscobel since the memorable appearance of Dr. Brash's patient in the ruins. The Abbey was full of guests, with Mrs. Nottley for hostess. Captain Haughton and his friend, Mr. Hastings were among the number—the former to act as best man to the son of his old friend; the latter as a visitor merely. They had brought some handsome jewels as a present to the bride—Captain Haughton a diamond ring, and Mr. Hastings an opal and emerald bracelet.

The eve of the wedding had arrived when they were presented. A sweet, early spring day, with snowdrops pushing their heads up through the moist ground, as if to give a loving welcome to the fair new life to begin for Gwendoline.

She was standing in one of the drawing-room windows, the sun shining full upon her white arms, when Mr. Hastings begged to be allowed to clasp his gift upon her arm.

"They say opals are prophetic," said Captain Haughton, gayly, "and lose their brilliance if any evil is coming to their wearer. I trust yours will always shine, Miss Haydon, and your life be as bright as the gems."

"I don't believe in omens," Gwendoline said, looking at the pretty ornament, "or I should tremble for the future. What a difference the light makes, Mr. Hastings, or my skin is not clear enough to suit them. See, since the sun has gone in, how dim they look!"

If there were truth in omens there was grief before her, for the gleaming gems lay on her arm like lumps of white glass, as colorless and dead.

She replaced the trinket in its case, with some earnest words of thanks to the donor, and turned away to some of the other guests, just as a servant appeared at the door with the letter-bag on a salver.

There was a little buzz of expectation as the guests staying in the house fluttered around Philip Reynell, while he unlocked the bag—a service he would allow no one to take from him—and distributed the letters to their owners.

"Three for you, Captain Haughton; one for you, Hastings; Mrs. Arlington, one; Miss Delafield, two;" and so on till the bag was empty, and two letters left in his own hand. The postmark of one was Allahabad—the date Christmas-day. It had been delayed unaccountably for more than a fortnight.

"Indian?" queried Captain Haughton.

"Yes."

"So are mine. One is from my old friend, Mrs. Scorby. You know her, of course?"

"I think not."

"Not know her! Why, she has often mentioned you in her letters to me!"

"I beg your pardon, I was hardly listening. I do know Mrs. Scorby, but not intimately. She only joined just before I left, and I was very ill at the time. Excuse me for a few minutes, ladies."

He left the room with his letters, and the two friends, standing in one of the deep bay windows, read theirs. Mr. Hastings saw that his friend looked troubled.

"No bad news, I trust?" he said.

"Yes, there is; I couldn't have believed such a thing of Major Reynell's son."

"I could believe anything of our host," was the quiet reply.

"You are prejudiced; but I trust there is some mistake here. Poor Colonel Branscombe is dead, and his daughter is coming home to marry Philip. Coming—Heaven help her!—in the belief that he is waiting for her with love and affection equal to her own. If I were sure it was so, I'd not stay to take part in to-morrow's ceremony; that pretty girl yonder should not be sacrificed in such a way. But read the letter. Mrs. Scorby may have exaggerated; she often does."

Mrs. Scorby was as glib with her pen as with her tongue, and Captain Haughton was an old friend, to whom she could write freely; so her letter was a history of the melancholy events preceding poor Kate's departure.

"She will sail almost directly," she wrote. "I think the Penelope is the name of the boat on the other side, so if you can do anything for her do. I don't believe she knows the people she is going to a bit."

"It does not read like an exaggeration," Mr. Hastings said. "He is a thorough-paced scoundrel if it is not. My opals might well pale on that poor child's arm. What shall we do?"

"Nothing! it is too late. We should only make an *eclaircissement* to no purpose, and Katherine Branscombe, I suspect, is not the sort of girl to take a man who has once turned away from her. We must leave things as they are. She will not die of it, or she is not her father's daughter."

"No; but there will be another fine nature spoiled—another pure mind made to doubt the right ordering of our lives—by a man's villainy. After all, the poor little bride-elect yonder is the more to be pitied of the two."

"Why?"

"Because she will find out when there is no hope of help; from to-morrow morning till they lay her in her grave she will have no appeal from him."

"It's a miserable business, but we cannot help it. Here he comes; we need not tell him our news—he has read it for himself."

CHAPTER XVII.

MARRIED.

The last kiss is given, the last adieu sighed,
The bridegroom's away with his beautiful bride.
—*Haynes Bayley.*

Captain Haughton was right. There was no need to tell Philip Reynell that the girl he had sworn to take for his wife—to cherish and protect—was even then at hand, coming to take her place in his house and heart as his wife, with no hope in the world save what was centred in him. The first letter he opened was the one written to him by Colonel Branscombe on his dying bed—the last effort of his good and generous life. The writing was very weak and tremulous, and more than one tear had fallen from the noble old eyes while the hand traced the words.

"ALLAHABAD, Christmas-day, 18—.

"*My Dear Boy*—Last year at this time we little thought what twelve months might bring forth. I did not think then that we should be many thousand miles apart, and that I should be writing to you the last letter I shall ever pen in this world. I am dying, Phil. You have heard that I am ill before this, but it's death now. I've been mercifully spared to see my poor fellows through the worst of the worst fever season I have seen here, and my own turn has come now. When you get this the roses will be blowing over my grave, and the old bungalow will echo to new voices. Kate—ah, my girl! I can hardly write her name, and think how soon I must leave her—will be on her way to England and you. She fancies, though she does not say much, that you have chilled toward her of late; I tell her that I am sure you have not—that I know my old friend's son better. I charge you, Philip Reynell, from my death-bed, to be a true and faithful protector to my child. She will be true and loving to you—see that you do not repay her ill. May Heaven deal by you as you do by her!

"I do not fear you, my boy; the Reynells are a noble race, and the one I have chosen for my son will not belie his name. I shall not dance at your wedding, my boy; do you remember my saying I would? The 'Providence that shapes our ends, has altered my rough hewing. The *route* has come for me, and like a good soldier I must obey orders. Kate knows nothing of my writing, but I know without asking her what a full heart she has to you, and what love I might send of hers for you. Good-bye, my dear son—it pleases me to write the word, though I may never clasp you to my heart, and say it with my lips. You will grieve for me, I know; but my sorrow at this parting, which is so near, and may not be stayed, is tempered by the knowledge that, if I am permitted to look down from the other world, I shall see two children who cherish my memory, instead of only one who grieves. Once more, may Heaven bless you in your home, in your wife, in your whole life to come, is the prayer of your affectionate father,

"REGINALD BRANSCOMBE.

"Philip Reynell, Esq.
"Boscobel Abbey, Herefordshire."

Prosperity had certainly spoiled Philip Reynell. He read his old friend's letter without so much as a sigh for the brave old colonel's nobly-ended life.

"I wish he had said for certain when she would come," was his only comment upon it as he crushed it in his hand.

Yet there was a time when any letter from Colonel Branscombe would have been cherished by Major Reynell's son as a priceless treasure; but that was before he inherited Boscobel, and learned all the heartless and fashionable coldness of the world of wealth and pleasure.

The second letter was from Allahabad, too, posted a fortnight later than the other, and he did not recognize the writing.

"My old acquaintances are growing inconvenient," he muttered, as he tore it open. "Ha! Mrs. Scorby! Whatever can she have to say to—e, I wonder? I didn't like her much in the little time I was with her. It's lucky I remember that much, for my worthy friends down-stairs seem inclined to be inquisitive."

The letter had been a sudden thought of the major's worthy wife after the death of the colonel.

"I tell you what it is, major," she had said, in her peremptory fashion, one evening, after their casual visitors had all departed, and they were left alone to the society of the punkawallahs outside in the verandah, "I shall write to that young scamp!"

"Meaning whom?" asked the major, innocently.

He was used to his wife's rather highly-flavored conversation, for her gentility had by no means kept pace with her rank in advancement, and she was given to call a spade a spade.

"Who? Why, young Reynell, to be sure. There's that poor girl going home to marry him broken-hearted—you can see it in her face—and she won't write to him because she hasn't heard; and I believe she'll find when she gets there that he's jilted her. I shall write and give him a piece of my mind about it."

"Better not, my dear—better keep your 'mind' for the women at the quarters, and pour it out on them. Leave Kate alone; she's quite able to take care of herself. It will all come right, you'll see!"

"You're an unfeeling monster, major. How would you like your daughter, if you had one, to be going half over the world alone, with such a prospect at the end of her journey?"

"Not at all, if I had one," said the major, with a sigh.

And his thoughts went back to the time when two little flaxen-headed girls played about the door of his one room in the barrack married quarters, and made it hard work for his wife to make both ends meet, even with her weekly scrubbing and washing.

Her words sent his thoughts back to the day when he got his first step, and those tiny twins stroked the stripes on his arm with their baby fingers, and exulted that "daddy was a corporal now." Their little heads lay in one grave in a barrack churchyard ten thousand miles away, but their memory was very dear to their father—dearer, perhaps, than to their busy, bustling mother, who spared no time for saddened memories, but filled every hour of the day with some work or business, either for herself or others.

"If our girls had lived, Bessie," he went on, "maybe we should have been taken like poor Branscombe. I think you should persuade Kate to write. I can't believe young Reynell is such a scamp as you fancy; but it's hardly fair for her to pounce upon him without any warning?"

Mrs. Scorby did persuade Kate to write—at least, she got her to promise that she would do so before she left; but she wrote herself for all that.

"ALLAHABAD, June 8th, 18—.

"DEAR LIEUTENANT REYNELL,—Perhaps you will think I am taking a liberty in writing to you, and so it might be if I were not old enough to be your mother, and very much interested in your wife that is to be. I don't know what has sprung up between Kate and you—it's no business of mine—but I'm a woman, and I can see there's something. She acknowledges you don't correspond as you used to—Heaven forgive you if you are deceiving her, say I—and I'm afraid she won't tell you when she's coming home. She leaves here directly almost, and will reach England some time in February by the Penelope. She is going to travel with Lieutenant Slade and his wife—you don't know them, I know. See you meet her, Philip Reynell; she's coming home to her husband, remember. I needn't tell you how forlorn she is, nor anything about the dear old colonel's death—I can't think of it without crying now, hard old woman as I am—for you'll have got the letter he wrote you long before this. He died directly after, so happy in the knowledge that Kate was coming home to you. She says she will write to you before she leaves, but she will be in England as soon as her letter if she leaves it over this mail. The major desires to be kindly remembered to you; and I am your sincere friend,

"BESSIE SCORBY."

"Mrs. Scorby has done me good service, but Miss Branscombe will arrive too late for me to have the pleasure of seeing her, I am afraid," was Philip's comment on the lady's letter.

And then he put them both away in his desk, and went down to rejoin his friends.

That the two gentlemen who had also received Indian letters were something stiff and cold to him he could not fail to remark, and he laid it to the fact that they had received some news of Katherine Branscombe and her anticipated arrival.

"They may think what they like and do what they like when once to-morrow is over," he muttered. "I'm not the first man who has turned from one pretty face to another in the world. 'Forewarned, forearmed,' they say. My good friend Mrs. Scorby has done me a good turn."

When Guiseppe went to his master's room that night, he found him poring intently over the portrait of a lady. It was an exquisite miniature of poor Katherine Branscombe, taken in the full flush of her happiness and beauty. There was no regret in the face that bent over it, nor an atom of self-reproach—only contemptuous disgust. He pushed it from him impatiently as his valet entered.

"That's the woman who will be at the bottom of any evil that may ever befall me," he said. "I had a foolish entanglement with her before I left India, and I hear it has ripened into a grander passion with her since I came home. She is on her way; luckily, I shall be off before she arrives."

He spoke hurriedly, as though he felt himself bound to make some explanation of the fact of possessing the miniature, and gazing at it at such a time.

"Pretty creature, isn't she?" he added, nonchalantly.

"Pretty! She is splendidly handsome, sir," replied the valet, taking up the despised picture at which his master had been looking, not with the air of a man who had known and loved the original, but with the manner of one who was studying the features with a purpose. "She is—"

"A thousand times handsomer than Miss Haydon—eh? Was that what you were going to say?"

"I would not be so rude, sir?"

"But you think so all the same? Well, I dare say you're right," and he opened a locket, and glanced from the round-featured photograph it contained to the superb face of his forsaken love.

Gwendoline did not make a good photograph. Her hair and complexion lost their tints of life, and the color of her eyes died out. She looked apathetic and soulless—a poor creature beside the splendid, intellectual-looking Katherine.

"Are you wondering that a man can turn from this to this?" Philip went on. "There's fate in love, Santi; it's a disease, an epidemic, and we can't resist it when it comes. By the way, talking of the tender passion, I have it from good authority that you and Miss Haydon's maid, Myers, are going to make a match of it. Is it true?"

Guiseppe smirked and bowed, and admitted that he had "proposed to Miss Myers."

"And been accepted?"

"Subject to your approval, and that of her mistress, sir."

"Oh, I don't mind; only don't let your matrimonial felicity interfere with your duty, that's all. As to Miss Myers, if she feels herself at liberty to become your wife, I'm sure I've no objection. You'll put it off till we return from abroad, I suppose?"

"Of course, sir."

"Very well; then you shall have a wedding and junketing at the Abbey. Now go, and call me in good time. You'll have to put forth your very utmost skill to-morrow, you know, for the honor of your craft."

And with no higher thought for the morrow, apparently, than the all-important subject of dress, Philip Reynell dismissed his man and shut his door—not to sleep, but to think.

He made a somewhat curious preparation for his wedding-day; but then, to be sure, he might have need for a store of money more than he could draw through banks and agents. He sewed into a belt which he wore under his shirt a quantity of bank

notes and a few unset diamonds of rare purity and brilliancy.

The work was done in such a manner that the presence of anything in the belt would never be suspected; and when he had finished the sky was beginning to grow gray with the first dawn of the day that was to see him Gwendoline Haydon's husband. Then he pulled off his clothes and got into bed, that Guiseppe might find him to all appearance asleep when he came to summon him to his toilet.

"If the worst comes to the worst, and Miss Branscombe arrives, I shan't hurt," he said. "The father of lies will help me to some way of getting out of it. If *she* should split on me, 'twould be another matter altogether. Well, we shall see. I don't think she will, or she wouldn't be going to try the game she has in hand. I wish Santi joy of her, the she-devil!"

Miss Myers was the subject of Philip Reynell's apostrophe, and it would be seen he did not regard that young lady with much love.

At half-past six Guiseppe called him to begin his toilet, and three hours later he was standing in the little church at Boscobel, waiting for his bride. The Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Llandaff was there to perform the ceremony—Mr. Nottley was to give her away. No need for us to chronicle the circumstances of the wedding. Does not every one who sits down to write a novel till chapter after chapter with the records of these events? And are they not all alike, from the bride in her orange blossoms to the charity children in their caps and mittens?

Philip Reynell's wedding was a regularly orthodox affair. The bride and her attendant bevy of fair girls looked like a nest of white doves in their spotless costumes, and every one wore the freshest of dresses and the brightest of smiles to enliven the day.

Those who were interested in Philip Reynell noticed that, although there was no hitch in any way, and the ceremony proceeded calmly to the end, he kept looking at the door as though he expected an interruption; and Gwendoline remembered afterward, when looking back on her bridal morning, that the lips which gave her the first nuptial kiss were as cold and passionless as ice.

CHAPTER XVIII.

29, BRYANSTONE-SQUARE.

I thought of fond greetings, the welcome, the kiss,
The friendly hand's pressure—oh, was it for this?
—*Haynes Bayley.*

It was under a bright spring sunlight, with buds and little flowers already peeping out with fresh green life, and everything pleasant around them, that Philip Reynell and his bride started off on their journey through life together. Gwendoline had chosen the Isle of Wight as the first stopping-place on a tour which they meant to make long and desultory, and they journeyed to Southampton, and from thence to Ryde, the first day.

Then came lonely days, to be remembered all her life long, of boating and excursioning, and finding out all the places of interest new to them, but done to death by all the tourists since the island first became a show-place.

The boatmen and guides made little fortunes out of the two young people, who seemed to care nothing for money, and to fling it right and left in the purchase of enjoyment, as though they had the mines of Golconda aboard.

But an end comes to all things, and they were thinking of exchanging the Isle of Wight for London, where the season was just beginning, and where Gwendoline was to make her *début*, in fashionable society, and be presented at Court by an old friend of her father's. Their luggage was all packed, and they were idling on the beach for a last afternoon stroll—for it was a warm season—when Guiseppe came up with a paper in his hand.

"I thought you might like to know, sir," he said, quietly, "the Penelope will be in to-morrow."

"In where?"

"Southampton, sir—right opposite. She will pass close by here."

He handed his master the paper, and Gwendoline was terrified at the look of rage that passed over her husband's face. Grinding a curse between his teeth, he crushed it in his hand, and turned away from her, as if to hide some agitation he could not subdue.

"What is the matter? What is the Penelope?" she asked the servant, who still stood there, waiting, as it seemed, to be spoken to again.

"The Penelope is the ship my master came home in, ma'am," was his respectful reply. "I thought, perhaps, he might like to see her, or, perhaps, some one on board of her."

"I'm sure he would—and I should too. Oh, Phil, dear," as her husband turned back, outwardly calm, but with a tempest raging at his heart, "Guiseppe says the Penelope is the ship you came home in. I should so like to see her. Do take me on board her, will you?"

"What nonsense, Gwendoline! A dirty steamer is no place for a lady. I shall do no such thing."

"It's a place for a good many ladies very often. How cross you are, Phil! I should like to go over one of those big ships so!"

Without speaking, he drew her arm in his, and walked away; Guiseppe looking after them.

"There's a pretty little coil winding up," he said to himself. "He won't get out of this easily. The end's coming a little too soon, that's the worst of it."

But whatever the Maltese meant by "the end," it was a long way off yet. His master had not the remotest intention of running any risk of meeting Katherine Branscombe, or of being anywhere near Southampton when the Penelope arrived. Caressing the little hand that lay upon his arm, he asked his wife, in his gentlest tones, whether she cared very much about the promised gayeties in London. Gwendoline did care, but she would have laid down her life for him; so she simply asked—

"Why, dear?"

He answered her question with another.

"Would you mind very much if we took the early morning steamer for Havre, instead of the train for London?"

"Not if you wish to go, dear."

"We could take a long run on the Continent," he went on, scarcely heeding her. "We could see Paris, the Rhine, Switzerland, and Italy—all the glorious old places we read of. It would be better than London, Gwen."

"That it would," she said, her eyes sparkling at the prospect; "and we could do London after."

"Of course we can—live there, if you like."

"But I shouldn't like; the country is far nicer. But what has made you change your mind so suddenly, dear?"

"A warning, my darling. I'm afraid I'm not fit for the late hours and knock-about life of a London season. I went to a doctor in the hour I was out yesterday, and he recommended me to change my route. Why, Gwenny, darling, don't look so frightened," for the bright face had turned quite white, and her hands clasped him tightly. "I'm not ill, child, only I have to take care—that's all."

And Gwendoline cried with fright at the bare thought of his ailing anything, and begged him to go where he liked. She was ready to go to the end of the world with him. He kissed her pretty, trembling lips, and thanked her, and laughed to himself at the pliability of woman. Women are always yielding when the agency applied is love, and Gwendoline loved her husband with all the strength of her girlish heart.

And so it came about that instead of being whirled to London by express train, the party steamed out of Southampton harbor in the Kittiwake, bound for Havre, and from there to wherever their errant fancy might lead them.

The sky was cloudless, and the water bright and clear. If fair weather were to be taken as an omen, there was a bright future before Gwendoline Reynell and her husband. Wrapped in cloaks and rugs, she sat upon the deck interested in the scene around her, and speculating upon every passing vessel. At length, before the coast of the island they had passed had ceased to be distinguishable, there came up to them a grand ship, ploughing through the still water as if conscious of her superiority to wind and wave. She came close up to them—so close that they could see the faces of those on her deck—making their own fair-proportioned steamer sink into a very fairy boat of insignificance, as she passed by them, towering over them in the water.

"Oh, what a beautiful ship!" said Gwendoline; "and, Philip, did you see that lovely woman in mourning so deep? She looked so sad, but so beautiful. I thought she stared straight at us."

Had he seen her? Aye, had he! and the beautiful, sad face had struck a pang of remorse even to his selfish heart, as his eyes encountered the features of Katherine Branscombe looking down upon him, as the stately Penelope passed proudly by the fussy little Kittiwake, leaving a long trail of foam in her wake.

Guiseppe had been on the watch too. He had recognized in the woman who sat apart, looking out over the sea toward home with troubled, earnest eyes, the original of the portrait he had often seen in his master's possession. Both master and man were occupied with one thought as the Penelope grew less and less in the rapidly receding distance between the two vessels. Had she recognized him? What would she do? Would she ascertain whither her recreant lover was gone, and pursue and torment him? Or would she accept the situation, make no sign, and trouble him no more?

They need not have been afraid. The sad, sweet eyes were not looking for them there; they were strained Englandward, to catch the first glimpse of the land that was to be home to Katherine Branscombe for all time to come, and their owner never thought of seeing the man she loved anywhere but standing on the pier waiting for her. That he was not there, and that she went to London to read on the way, mid all her helplessness and loneliness, of his faithlessness to her father's dying trust, we have already seen.

When the wedding festivities were over, Captain Haughton and his friend left the Abbey, refusing all Mrs. Nottley's pressing invitations to them to stay the night. They pleaded business and got away, the captain feeling a sense of relief when the park gates closed behind the hired vehicle which was to take them to the nearest railway station. He felt so thoroughly disappointed in Philip Reynell that it seemed almost as though he had detected a son of his own in a mean and ungenerous action.

"I couldn't have believed it of a Reynell," he said, reverting to Mrs. Scorby's letter. "I did try to like him so, and it is hard to be disappointed in any one."

"So did I try, but it was no use," Mr. Hastings said. "I never could like him."

"No; your prejudice began with the first sight of him. You told me once that he reminded you of some one; who was it?"

"My wife."

"Your *what?*"

Captain Houghton stared at his friend in amazement. He had known him for many years, but he had never heard till this moment of his possessing such an appendage to his household.

"Yes, my wife," he replied, quietly. "I had one once—a long time ago."

"She is dead, then?"

"Heaven may know—I do not!"

"Ah, I see," said Captain Haughton, in a low tone. "She left you?"

"Yes."

"And he is like her?"

"Her living image, even to peculiarities of action and manner, which no one who had not known her could notice. It sickened me when I looked upon him. Some day I'll tell you the whole shameful story. I thought her the truest and purest of her sex, till one day I found it was not me but my position and wealth she had coveted. Her love, if she had any, was bestowed elsewhere, and she fled from me to him with all of mine she could lay hands on to carry. I made neither search nor moan after her. What use to publish to the world such a tale of shame? A divorce, the details of which were soon forgotten, was quickly obtained, and I went abroad with doubt and distrust of all the wide earth planted forever in my sore heart."

"The likeness must be accidental," Captain Hastings said. "I knew Philip Reynell's parents, both of them, intimately. I knew them before he was born; his father before he was married."

"And does he resemble them?"

"His father very strongly—his mother not at all."

"What was she like?"

"A fair, delicate creature, not unlike the girl he has married in general appearance, only much more fragile-looking. She only lived a short time. I used to think the boy would grow up like her. He was very much so as a child; but there is no resemblance now."

Mr. Hastings said no more on the subject, and the two friends parted at Swindon, each to go their own way, and meet no more for some time.

Katherine Branscombe was not a woman to be prostrated or thrown helpless on other people's care and attention by the shock of a great sorrow. Her father's death had changed her from a girl into a woman, and gone far to make her understand how sorrow might best be borne. When she read the announcement of Philip Reynell's marriage in the paper lent to her by her fellow passenger, she neither wept nor fainted, as we have seen, only sat dumb and tearless under her load of misery. Arrived at the station he proffered his assistance, asking cordially if she expected any friends to meet her.

"No," she replied, sadly; "I suppose they do not know that I have landed!"

"Landed?"

"Yes; I have just come from India!"

That accounted to him for the slightly old-fashioned appearance of her dress, and a *soupçon* of something foreign in her manner.

"But you know where to find them?"

"Oh, yes, thank you!"

He saw her into a cab, and superintended the removal of her luggage, reading the name upon it with a natural curiosity.

"Where did she say?" he asked of the attendant policeman, when the cab had driven away.

"Underwood and Company, sir!"

"Whatever can she want there? Ah, that accounts for her agitation! Of course, she saw it in the Times. Just home from India, and going there! Poor thing—poor thing!"

The subject of his pity was being driven in a rickety London cab to her destination, wondering not a little at the chill, dingy atmosphere of London, and thinking wearily what she should do if it were inconvenient for her uncle to receive her. She had a little income—a hundred a-year, or thereabouts—and some money with her, but it was a forlorn prospect to a heart crushed and blighted as hers had been, and she wished, as people will wish, that she was dead, lying by her father's side in his grave among the roses at Allahabad.

Through some of the dirtiest streets she had ever seen the cab rumbled till it stopped in Nicholas-lane.

"Here's Underwood and Company's, miss," the cabman said; "but it's all shut up. I can't get anigh it."

"It's after business hours, I suppose," she said, uneasily. "You must drive me to his private house."

She had come there first, wishing to learn if she were expected before making her appearance at the house, and she was too sadly preoccupied to notice the crowd of people in the narrow street, gazing up with awestricken faces at the closed shutters, or to mark the cabman's scared face, as he came back after vainly attempting to get at the door.

"Drive to twenty-nine, Bryanstone-square, please," she said. "I don't know where it is—but be as quick as you can."

"I'll go as fast as I can, miss."

Through more busy streets, interminable as it seemed to her in the growing darkness, till they came to a more open and less busy part of the great city. Here the cab stopped in a wide square, with stunted-looking trees and shrubs growing in a railed inclosure in the middle.

Katherine felt stifled as she thought of the waving palms and countless roses of her Indian home, all growing in their wild, free luxuriousness, and her heart sank as the man got down and knocked at the door of a large house, with all the blinds down and shutters closed. Here there was another crowd, all staring, and they divided their attention between her and the shut-up house. There was a long parley at the door, and she became alive to the fact that something was wrong.

"Is anything the matter?" she asked, putting her head out of the window. "This is Mr. Underwood's house, is it not?"

Half-a-dozen voices answered in the affirmative.

"Then what has happened?"

A civil-looking man in a workman's dress touched his paper cap, and replied—

"It's Mr. Underwood's, miss; he's dead!"

"Dead!"

The man did not see the blank horror on her face. He was listening to the servant and the cabman, and he answered, abruptly—

"Yes, miss; he cut his throat last night. They do say that thousands of people will be ruined by it."

CHAPTER XIX.

THE SHADOW OF ASRAEL'S WING.

To die—to sleep—no more?
—*Shakespeare.*

Katherine Branscombe leaned back in the cab with a sick feeling of despair at the man's words. She could not realize all that had happened; she was only conscious of an added weight to the load of calamity and misery that had fallen upon her with her landing on English soil. She saw the cabman parleying with a servant at the door, and the man evidently negativing her entrance with all his might. She put out her hand and beckoned to him, and he came, bare-headed, down the steps—a grave, elderly man, with a sorrowful face—a retainer of many a long year evidently. He bowed respectfully to the pale lady, and waited for her to speak.

"Is it true?" she asked, forming her words with difficulty, for her throat and lips seemed parched and powerless, and she could not frame the sentence as she would.

"Quite true, madam."

"And I was not expected?"

"No one was expected that I know of, madam. My mistress gave no orders to that effect that I know of. I am afaid you cannot see any of them to-night. Mrs. Underwood and the young ladies are in great distress and trouble."

"Of course—I would not intrude for the world," said Katherine, remembering that all her father's letters and her own had been directed to her uncle's place of business, and that probably her unknown aunt and cousins were not aware her arrival was so near.

"If he was meditating this awful thing," she thought to herself, "he would never think of me."

She turned her sweet, pale face, with its coronet of dark hair, to the servant, and spoke to him gently and calmly.

"Tell Mrs. Underwood," she said, "that her husband's niece, Miss Branscombe, has just arrived from India, and came here in accordance with her father's wishes. I will wait on her to-morrow if she is able to see me."

The man bowed and went in, shutting the heavy door in the face of the gaping crowd, who stared persistently, as if they thought the walls and windows would reveal all the secrets of the tragedy so lately enacted, and the cabman came to the window for orders.

"Where to, miss?" he asked.

And the reply came, sharp and startling, as though the word was wrung from her by mortal pain.

"Anywhere!"

He was a sensible and civil man, and he neither cavilled nor laughed at the order, but touched his hat and mounted his box, as if the agonized answer had been the name and number of a house in the best-known thoroughfare in London. In a quiet street he stopped and got down.

"I beg pardon, miss," he said; "where did you say you wanted to go to? I saw you were a bit flustered, and it was no good asking questions in all that crowd, I'm afraid you've had a bit of a shock."

"A shock!" Katherine had felt as though nothing would shock her more after she had read the news of Philip Reynell's marriage. She was stunned now. The man's civil and respectful tone roused her a little.

"You are very considerate and kind," she said. "I hardly know what I was saying when I spoke just now. I am quite a stranger in London, and in England, too," she added, with a sigh. "I only landed at Southampton this morning. Mr. Underwood was a relation of mine, and I expected to go there. Can you drive me to some respectable house or hotel where I can lodge to-night? I shall be able to think what to do to-morrow."

The man looked at her for a moment dubiously.

"My wife keeps a lodging-house, miss," he said. "It's clean and respectable, though it mayn't be good enough for you. I'm sure she'd make you comfortable, and it's a quiet place."

"That is all I want," she said, wearily; "drive me there, please. I have money with me," she added, with a vague idea of having to pay beforehand for everything in England.

"Oh, it's all right, miss; it's not above a mile from here," and he whipped up his horse, and deposited his forlorn fare at the door of a clean-looking house in Bloomsbury, enjoining his wife to make her comfortable, which, being a sonsy, notable sort of body, she did to the best of her ability.

It seemed to Katherine that it must be some hideous dream that she, Colonel Branscombe's cherished child, the affianced bride of the richest man in the west of England, should be sitting alone in a London lodging on the first night of her arrival in England.

It was a dreary room, although clean as hands could make it. There was the stereotyped gay-patterned carpet and the Bohemian glass vases, without which no lodging-house parlor would be complete; there were the slippery chairs and looking-glass in staring gilt frame, that one always sees in these abodes of tasteless discomfort, and she stared at her own pale face in the gaudy mirror over the mantelpiece, feeling as though she must wake soon with her father and Philip beside her amongst the roses in the Allahabad cantonments.

Alas, poor Katherine! The old Indian days, with the *laissez aller* life of the East, were gone forever, and a sterner reality than ever she could have dreamed of in her girlish happiness lay before her now, dark and sorrow-laden.

Mrs. Boker, for so the cabman's wife was called, bustled about getting tea for her new guest. She had a woman's belief in the efficacy of a "good cup with a little green in it," and it is efficacious in dispelling weariness and languor, let dyspeptics and fanciful invalids rave as they will. A cup of tea cannot charm away sorrow, but it can refresh the weary head that throbs to bursting with tears shed or unshed; it cannot give the power of work, but it can make the brain more willing, and the hand more steady, let those who labor with both head and hand deny it if they can.

Katherine could not eat, but she drank eagerly, and Mrs. Boker waited on her with the sympathetic respect which sorrow always engenders. Her husband had told her of the drive to the house of the dead man, at whose door curses not loud but deep were already being spoken, and of Katherine's forlorn position, and her motherly heart warmed to the pale stranger.

"I'm glad you chanced upon Sam, miss," she said, smoothing her apron as she spoke. (Sam was Mr. Boker.) "I would have been a bad job if you'd got one as was saucy or imposing, and they will be, some of 'em. They're not well paid, you see, and the masters are very hard on 'em. Sam's cab's his own, and he can do as he likes, and, though I say it, he's got the name of being civil, and people like him. He'll fetch your luggage, if you wish it, miss. He says you left it at the station."

"Thank you, to-morrow will do," said Katherine, really grateful to the woman for her kindness. "I am, indeed, thankful I fell into the hands of such a civil driver. You see, I am quite new to England, and might have been so easily imposed upon."

"My Sam wouldn't impose on any one," Mrs. Boker said, proudly. "I don't mean to say that he wouldn't take an extra shilling from gents' out for a lark, but he'd never go beyond reason with any one. Would you like to go to bed, miss? You look downright done up."

Katherine was tired, and the prospect of rest was very pleasant. Mrs. Boker civilly proffered her services.

"I see you've been used to a maid, miss," she said. "Will you please to let me help you? I was own maid to a lady once, though it's a long time ago."

"It seems a long time since I had a maid," Katherine replied, with a sad smile; "yet I never dressed myself, to my knowledge, in my life, till I started to come to England. I have waited on myself all the voyage, and not made a very clever business of it, I'm afraid."

"Indeed, miss, you're very nice," the woman replied, gazing admiringly at the coils of dark hair on her guest's head; "but if you'd please to let me, I'd make you very comfortable."

"Indeed, I should be very thankful," said the poor girl, feeling almost too weary to move, as she resigned herself into the hands of Mrs. Boker, who proved no inapt tirewoman. "I am very tired."

"You'll feel better to-morrow," the good woman replied, and then, bursting with curiosity about Katherine's connection with the Underwoods, she cautiously approached the subject.

"It's an awful affair, miss, she said."

"Very!"

"They do say as everybody 'll be ruined as had anything to do with him," she went on.

"Ruined?"

"Yes, miss."

"How? What has money to do with it?"

Katherine had heard what the man said to her at the cab door, but his words had carried no further meaning with them to her mind than the bare news of the catastrophe. She had not connected them in any way with money. Mrs. Boker looked at her in astonishment.

"Money! Why, it had everything to do with it, miss. Don't you know?"

"No, I know nothing."

"Ah! I hope you hadn't anything in his bank, nor your friends. You see, Mr. Underwood—heaven forgive him!—was one of those great people who live upon the fortunes they make out of other folks. Every one thought his bank and his speculations were so safe, and they do say that thousands of people put their money into his hands, and took interest for it, and they say he used it all for himself, and that all his fine houses, and carriages and things were bought with it, and that when he could not hide it any longer from the world, he just went out of it. We had a bit of money in Underwood's a while ago, me and my Sam—a matter of a hundred pound it was—and we thought it was as safe as the Bank of England; but a gentleman who was stopping here, he gave us a hint to take it away. 'I don't know anything,' he says; 'but I wouldn't let any money of mine stay there,' and Sam took it out just in time."

The good woman stopped, as much from want of breath as from want of matter, for she was a most indefatigable talker, was Mrs. Boker, and Katherine put her hand to her head in bewilderment. She had never thought of money in connection with the catastrophe—never dreaded the want of it for herself; but now the thought flashed into her mind, what if her fortune were in jeopardy in this great ruin? What would become of her if anything happened to the money her father had so carefully stored for her? She turned sick and giddy with the thought, and looked at Mrs. Boker imploringly.

"I do not quite understand," she said. "Do you mean that all the money placed in the bank in trust for others is lost—that no one will get any back again?"

"Not a farthing, miss; and, more than that, there are great bills owing everywhere. The tradespeople, you see, thought Mr. Underwood such a rich man that they trusted him everywhere. There's an execution in the house already, they say."

"A what?"

"An execution, miss. The goods are seized for rent and debts, and the widow will have to turn out directly after the funeral. It will be a terrible come down to the Miss Underwoods—they held their heads so high. Perhaps you'd like to see the paper, miss—Sam brought one home."

Katherine murmured some answer—she scarcely knew what—and the loquacious Mrs. Boker fetched the newspaper, and turned up the gas, and left her to read how her uncle had given a stylish party and ball, and how his guests had eaten and drunk, and danced, and flirted, till the light of morning had broken in upon their revels, and then how he had gone into his own dressing-room, and with the closing door, shut out all the joys and sorrows, cares and pleasures, of this world for ever. They had found him there, face downwards in a hideous pool, the slow creeping of which to the door, had told the fatal truth; and then the world guessed the facts that only a few hours were needed to confirm—that the supposed millionaire, the trusted banker, was was "simply the greatest forger and the greatest thief that ever cheated the gallows."

Mrs. Boker crept up in about half an hour, to see if her guest was comfortable, and found her walking about her room with her hair about her shoulders, talking to herself in a wild, unmeaning way.

Thoroughly frightened, she summoned "Sam," who, luckily, was at home, and persuaded her to sit down and be quiet.

"Just you get her to bed, and I'll fetch the doctor," he said. "Poor soul! She's come all the way from India to these Under-woods—Heaven forgive 'em—and the shock's upset her. She said as much to me. She's got money—she said that too—and a heap of things at the station, which I'll fetch in the morning. We'll take care of her till she comes round a bit, and knows what to do.

And Mr. Boker bustled off, and returned with a doctor, who pronounced Katherine's ailment to be more mental than bodily, and commended all the kindly lodging-house-keeper had done. He prescribed a sleeping draught, and ordered her to be kept quiet, promising to call in the morning. But before morning Katherine Branscombe was far away in the spectral world of delirium, raving of things and people of of which her new friends had never heard—of Allahabad and her father, of Boscobel and Philip Reynell, and of the story she had read the night before in the newspapers.

There was nothing for it but to take care of her till she got well again; but the cabman often looked at the piled-up luggage in his little back parlor during the next fortnight, with an inner feeling that his lodger would die, and he should have to find out their next possessor as best he could.

CHAPTER XX.

WOMAN'S LOT.

But if there's a hereafter—
And that there is, conscience, uninfluenced,
And suffered to speak out, tells every man—
Then it must be an awful thing to die;
More horrid yet to die by one's own hand.
—*Blair.*

The servant of Mrs. Underwood duly conveyed to his mistress, through the medium of her daughter, the news of Katherine's arrival; but the young lady only said, haughtily and dryly, "We can see no one, Martin," and had returned to her darkened room and the consultations that were even now going on over the family mourning and funeral appointments.

"Who did he say, Ida?" asked the widow, querulously, from the bed, where she had lain since they carried her fainting to her chamber the day before, giving vent to her feelings in a constant succession of screams and hysterics.

"Katharine Branscombe, mamma."

"What, the colonel's daughter, from India?"

"I suppose so."

"Then he must be dead, and we never heard of it."

"Yes, we did, mamma! Poor papa told us the day after the mail came in, and you said—"

It was a younger daughter who spoke—Mary, the Cinderella of the household, her dead father's favorite, but who was reviled by her mother and sisters for being large, awkward, clumsy, ugly, and having all the other detrimental qualities which are apt to come to girls while growing into handsome, well-developed womanhood.

Mr. Underwood had mentioned the fact of Colonel Branscombe's death, and his wife had said it would be time to smarten up their mourning—for they were in black for a distant relative when the news came—when they knew for certain when the girl would arrive; but Mrs. Underwood elected to be very angry with poor Mary for recalling the fact and mentioning her papa's name, and fell into a passion of tears and self-pity, during which poor Mary escaped to her own room, full of self-reproach for having unwittingly grieved her mother, and of passionate sorrow for the father, who, whatever his faults to the world, had always been tenderly indulgent to his children.

"Oh, how could Mary be so thoughtless," groaned the widow, "when she knows what a blow this is to mention his name in that way! Are you sure there was no mistake, Ida?"

"No, mamma; come at her father's request or command—I forget which."

"To live with us, I suppose; and goodness knows whether we shall have any home of our own! Oh, dear—oh, dear! I wish we were all dead—that I do!"

After an interval of kicking and moaning, to which her maid, who was very weary, ministered with but scant patience, she revived a little, and asked her daughter when the unwelcome visitor was likely to come again.

"To-morrow, Martin said, mamma."

"I can't see her—I won't—mind that. I've enough to bear now, without having strange girls thrown on my hands to look after. I thought all the arrangements were made for her marrying somebody, and that we were to have no trouble about anything but the settlements. Why don't the man meet her and look after her, I wonder?"

"I expect she drove straight here without knowing anything, mamma. Martin said she looked dreadfully frightened at what she heard."

Mrs. Underwood was a vain, selfish, frivolous woman, who fancied she had stooped from her high position of an obscure country baronet's daughter when she married the well-to-do London banker, and through the whole of their married life she had made him pay for the honor of marrying her. Half—aye, more than half—of the extravagances which had led to the catastrophe of the preceding day had been hers, but there was no touch of reproach in her selfish sorrow.

Her eldest daughter, Ida, resembled her in much, but she had a finer mind and stronger intellect than her mother, while Mary, whom they both despised, in reality bid fair to eclipse them both in beauty and intellect. She secretly resolved that she, at least, would see her Cousin Katherine when she came on the morrow, and give her what sad welcome she might to England.

But the morrow brought no Katherine, though it brought other and less welcome visitors—tradespeople with their bills, duns threatening arrest, sneeringly civil messengers from dirns, declining to execute the funeral orders till vouchers for their money were placed in their hands, and all the guests that come to a house where ruin enters the door hand in hand with sorrow and death.

The horses in the stable, the carriages in the coach-house, where all under arrest, and down-stairs in the kitchen two men, of unsavory aspect and plebeian manners, ate and drank, and made gloomily merry with the excited servants, while they mounted guard on the landlord's behalf to see that nothing of value was carried out of the luxuriously-appointed house.

Everything, even to the furniture of the room where the widow lay moaning and her daughters sat speechless with horror at all these new additions to their grief, was inventoried and ticketed ready for the sale, which would take place as soon as the funeral was over. The cold, still presence in the house was the only tie that bound the mourners to it now; when that was gone, they must go too.

There had been talk, and intention, too, in more than one quarter of arresting the body—a thing that has been done ere now; but whether the creditors could not get men to undertake the hideous duty, or whether they thought the loathly thing was better hidden away out of sight, the idea was relinquished, and the dead suffered to lie unwatched, save by the Eye that had noted the agony of the last hours of the dead man's life, and for some wise purpose, doubtless, had not stayed the hand he raised against himself.

So he lay there in the room adjoining the one where they found him, on which the key had been turned with sick horror, and past the door of which the servants crept hastily, with bated breath, holding each other for companionship, as if they feared some awful shape would rise out of the dusky stain on the floor. Coffined and shrouded he lay, for friends had been found to go bail for so much of ceremony as a funeral for the sake of his family, and people came and went with little feeling for the sorrowing trio he had left to battle with the world.

And the funeral day came at last—a coroner's inquest, with the convenient verdict of "temporary insanity," (and who is sane when he takes his own life?) permitted them to bury him as they listed.

There were no plumed carriages and prancing horses—no long *sortige* of guests to be feasted and gloved, and talk about the virtues of their dear friend, before they went home to vote the whole thing a bore. A suppressed groan went up from the mob outside as the plain hearse and one coach following moved away. It was quickly hushed for the sake of those inside, for English people will not wittingly insult the helpless, and earth did not hold three more helpless people than the dead man's widow and her daughters on that sorrowful day.

Perhaps the only mourner outside those drawn blinds and darkened windows was the Hindoo crossing-sweeper at the corner of the square, who, till James Underwood stepped over the threshold of the unseen world, had never missed his daily penny at the banker's hands. If he tore his miserable garments, and went through the feint of casting dust upon his head, his was no feigned sorrow.

After the funeral came the sale—"all this excellent modern household furniture," &c., &c.—and curious people, and people intent on bargains, and brokers eager to buy cheap and sell dear, wandered through the rooms that had so lately echoed to music, and dancing, and merriment.

People looked with awe into the room where the corpse had lain, and turned with shuddering horror from the carpet all stained with the evidences of the dismal tragedy; but there was no feeling save curiosity displayed about the widow and orphans whose home was thus cruelly destroyed.

A few asked where they were gone, but no one seemed quite to know. They were lost to the world in which they had moved for ever. The gap their disappearance made was quickly filled up, and the tide of London life rolled on as though they had never existed.

They took refuge in the house of a friend "for a few days, till they could decide upon their future," the lady said; and they felt that for more than a "few days" they and their sorrow would not be welcome. So they went into lodgings—expensive ones at first, in their ignorance and hope that something would be saved to them out of the wreck, but leaving them in bewildered terror when they found that a few pounds in Mrs. Underwood's purse, their clothes, and some trinkets which the law could not lay hold of, were the only resources between them and absolute want.

Within a month of leaving their home they were established in poor lodgings on the Surrey side of the river—such apartments as young clerks and their wives, or decent women with annuities, think very nice, but seeming the very direst misery after the luxury they had always indulged in.

Their money was gone, and the landlady knew it—landladies always do know when their lodgers' pockets are empty—and they sat in their cheerless room, wondering helplessly what to do.

The woman had hinted broadly enough that no one need want money while they wore rings and brooches, for she had seen some of her lodgers' treasures in that way, and Mrs. Underwood querulously asked her daughters what the woman meant.

"Does she mean us to sell them?" she groaned. "We shall want them when we go out of mourning."

"We shall want clothes more," said Ida, sharply. "How you talk, mamma! Only five shillings left in the world, and you talk of wanting jewelry! Of course, that was what she meant, and what we must do or starve."

"No, she didn't," said Mary, brusquely. The woman had aired her opinions to her more thoroughly, as being, she declared, "the only one of them with a grain of sense."

"Well, what did she mean?" asked the mother, unappishly.

"She meant pawn them, mamma—she said so."

"Pawn," shrieked Mrs. Underwood, "my jewels! I'd rather throw them into the river."

"Then we should starve," retorted the practical Mary. "You'd better do it, ma. You won't let Ida and me work—not that she could unless she could make up her mind to teach music or painting; but I could—I could serve in a shop, I'm sure; or teach little children, and save you my keep—and that's a good bit, you know, I eat so much."

Poor Mary! she was always being reproached with her appetite, yet her very offer to help to provide for it produced a storm of reproaches from her mother for mentioning such a thing.

She was told she was a vulgar, coarse-minded girl for mentioning such a thing, and as lost to all sense of decency for talking of pawning her mother's jewels; but she held her ground, and quietly waited till her mother had worried herself quiet again.

She saw the position clearly, and understood that money for their present needs must be had, and that whimpering would not bring it; so when the hysterics were over she returned to the charge.

"Who's to take them?" Mrs. Underwood demanded, when at length she had yielded the point. "I shan't trust that woman."

"I will," said Mary, quietly.

"You? Would you degrade yourself so?"

"We shall have to do worse than that, if we don't mind. You can trust me, mamma. I'll find a place. No one will know me, and I shall not mind it so very much."

How much she did mind it her quivering lip and swelling throat testified all too plainly; but they never noticed her agitation, and only gave her some sharp spoken caution to take care of the gems, and make haste back again.

"Mary always was a low-minded girl," her mother remarked, when she was gone. "To think of her proposing such a thing and doing it! I should die before I could enter such a place."

"It is a good thing there is some one to do it. Mamma, what do you think has become of Katherine Branscombe? Isn't it odd we've never heard of her?"

"It's a very good thing, I think, I hope she'll never find us."

"Why?"

"Why! How can you ask such a question, Ida? How can we face her? What can we say to her? All her fortune gone with everything else! Ida, I've been expecting every day that she will come and accuse us of ruining her."

"Don't talk like that, mamma. I believe she's married."

"Married?"

"Yes—I fancy so. I've a dim remembrance the night that—the night of the ball—hearing some one say that Mr. Raynell of Boscobel was married—that was the man, you know. If that was true, there must have been some mistake about her having landed that morning. She must have been in England some time."

"There's a mistake somewhere," returned Mrs. Underwood. "I hope you may be right, Ida; but I dream of that girl at night, and think of her in the day. Even every footstep in the street, every knock at the door, startles me with the idea that she is coming to claim what she lost through us."

Poor Mary went on her errand with much fear and trembling. The landlady, well versed in pawnbrokers and their ways, told her where to go, and what to ask on the rings her mother had given her to take.

She accomplished her mission without being taken for a thief, or asked any impertinent questions—it was so easy to see she was a lady, though her mother and sister were blind to the fact; and she returned home with two five-pound notes and some silver, and two little tickets—"turnpike tickets on the road to poverty," as Dickens has it.

At the corner of the street a cab was standing, and a pale, thin girl, a little older than herself, dressed in deep mourning, was making inquiries for some one she wanted.

"Can I help you," she asked, gently.

"Mrs. Underwood—can you tell me where she lives?" asked a sweet voice.

"I am Mary Underwood," she replied, with a quick flash of intelligence. "And you are—"

"Katherine Branscombe, your cousin."

The girls' hands met in a friendly, sympathetic clasp, and Mary pointed the way to their lodgings. Mrs. Underwood's *bête noir* had arrived.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Overhauled by a Pirate.

A STORY OF THE SOUTH ATLANTIC.

[The following story is literally true, and may possibly be recognized by some men still living.]

"Fifty miles more to Rio," says my companion, as we recline on a spare sail in the fore-top of the Southampton packet, enjoying, in all its fullness, a pleasure which the men of the north can but faintly appreciate—the luxury of shade and inaction—and surveying, with that cool, nothing-to-speak-of air characteristic of the undemonstrative Anglo-Saxon, the vast smooth expanse of sunlit sea beneath our feet, and the huge dark-green pyramid of Cape Frio, topped by its trim little light-house, towering giant-like overhead.

My fellow-watcher is a fine specimen of the "been everywhere and seen everything" class; a kind of real life Tom Thurnall, with all the ready invention, picturesque cosmopolitanism, and cool self-reliance, of Mr. Kingsley's wonderful hero. He has been half-murdered in Australia, fever-stricken at Madras, run out of water in the North Pacific; he has summered at Bahia and wintered in Van Dieman's Land, eaten rice at Shanghai and drunk rum in Jamaica; served a gun at the bombardment of Sweaborg, and lain off Cronstadt in the "Wellington;" and is now, for mere amusement, about to join me in a run through the interior of Brazil.

"Now I think of it," remarked I, "you promised me a South American story, and I've never had it yet. Suppose you give it me to-day. With all your travels, you must know a good yarn or two."

"Ah, that's just the mistake people always make," answers my friend. "On that point, I can't do better than quote you the verdict of an old boatswain of mine: 'You see, sir, folks think as how we sailors ought to know all about the places we've been to—but, d'ye mind, most on us don't lean that way; we just drop into the fust grog-shop, and that's all we see till we're off again. You ax a sailor where's 'The Three Tuns' or 'The Jolly Mariner,' and he'll tell you fast enough; but try him upon the scenery, and the hanimals, and the lingo, and all that 'ere—and he's mum directly.'"

"Well," remark I, laughing, "in spite of Professor Boatswain's dictum, I still adhere to my creed that you possess a good story or two. Can't you recollect a yarn connected with Cape Frio yonder? It would come in very appropriately, just now."

Over the ancient mariner's broad, jovial face, falls a sudden gloom, like the shadow of some great peril rising up again from the far past. Before he can utter a word, I divine that the coming story will be one of no ordinary interest.

"Well," he answers, at length, with a grim earnestness in his voice, "it happens that I *have* got a yarn about Cape Frio—and such a one as you don't often hear now-a-days. You young travellers of this generation only read about what I saw then; but it was not a thing to be forgotten. Listen, and I'll tell you about it.

"On a fine morning in May, 1831, I was rounding that very headland that you see yonder, in the brig Carron, bound from Glasgow to Rio de Janeiro; and although we had our share of rough weather on the way, I can't remember a voyage that I enjoyed more. You young fellows of this high-pressure age, who gallop through your lives as you would ride to hounds, and fly over a country or an event as you would take a big fence, can't think how much you lose. In my time, the passage of the Atlantic was a voyage; now, it's a jump. We used to be months upon months at sea, in the glorious breezy weather, with blue water and blue sky all round us, and the fresh air stirring our blood like the breath of life, and all the troubles and botherations of our life on shore lying behind us like a dream; while *you*—but I mustn't forget my story.

"It was about ten in the morning, and I was lying on a spare sail in the main-top (a favorite lounge of mine) just as I'm lying here now—reading and looking through my telescope turn about—when all at once the skipper shouted up to me 'Maister K——, weel ye jist tak' a look through the prospec' (telescope) at yon craft on the weather bow?' I levelled my glass at her, and made her out to be a long, low-lying craft seemingly standing away from us; and so I reported to the captain. But in another ten minutes or so, his voice came up again (and this time with rather a different sound in it) 'Maister K——, I dinna like the look of yon craft; wull ye jist tak' anither look at her?'

"'Why,' said I, levelling my glass, 'she's changed her course—she's coming right down upon us!'

"'Wad ye kindly bring down the prospec, sir? I wad like to tak' a look mysel!'

"This time there was a tremor in his voice, which no one could mistake. I began to feel rather uncomfortable, and came down post haste. The skipper took the glass; and I, watching him as he looked through it, saw his great red face grow whiter and whiter, till it was livid as a corpse; and he just got out four words in a kind of half-choked whisper: '*She's an armed vessel!*'

"I understood it all in a moment; and so did every one else that heard him. This was just at the close of the war between Brazil and Buenos Ayres; and the Eastern coast was swarming with ex-privateers, who had been thrown out of work by the peace, and didn't care whom they attacked, so long as there was anything to be got by it. For one moment we thought of showing fight; but that idea wouldn't hold water. Not a cutlass nor a pike was there on board, let alone firearms; and our crew were the most innocent set you can imagine—quiet, easy-going Westland Scotchmen, mostly married men, with broad, good-natured, simple faces, like the villagers in a pantomime. The very sight of them would have been enough to re-assure any pirate on earth, had the only thing left to be done was to try stratagem. So the captain gave orders to rig up as many dummies as possible, with spars and old jackets, to look as if we mustered pretty strong—and every one began to conceal their valuables—I put my gold watch (this very one) among the grounds of the coffee-pot, the surgeon slipped his case of instruments under a loose plank, and our skipper hid the chronometer. Meanwhile the pirate (for there could be no mistake about her now) was coming down upon us like a vulture; she ran across our bows (to do her justice she was beautifully handled,) came about like a flash, and lay to within easy hail, so that we could see every face on board of her. And a rare sight they were! There seemed to be no discipline among them—neither captain nor officers; all were dressed alike, in coarse guernsey frocks, taken, no doubt, from some ship which they had plundered. There were men of all nations. Sallow Spaniards and red-faced Englishman; lean, olive colored Portuguese and brawny, yellow-haired Germans; gaunt, hatchet-faced Yankees, and vicious-looking mulattoes; but upon each and all was that nameless stamp which marks the man whom some great crime has cut off from his fellows—the kind of look that I (and you too, I dare say) have seen many a time among the worst class of convicts.

"It is always difficult for a man to tell beforehand how he will feel when suddenly brought face to face with a deadly peril. I have seen a man whose life was hanging by a hair, watch curiously the movements of a spider on his window. I, myself, in the crisis of the deadliest scrape I ever was in, found leisure to note the peculiar shape of a cloud in the sky. I remember, as if it were yesterday, that my first feeling at sight of the pirates was one of *rage*—a kind of angry disgust at the idea of such mean-looking rascals daring to attack us at all. But I had little time to think of it, for just as they ran alongside of us, our skipper, to my astonishment, coolly hailed them. 'Ship ahoy! What's your name?'

"There was a pause before they answered—giving some Spanish name, which I forget. Our skipper left them no time to think about it, but went on: 'What's your cargo? (It's guid to hae first word, Maister K——.")

"'Fish.'

"'That's a lee, and a big one, sir,' said the captain to me in a whisper; 'nae fishing vessel wad hae less than fowre boats, and you craft has but two. Whaur do ye come frae?' he added aloud.

"'From the Falkland Isles.'

"'How mony days?'

"'Nine.'

"'That's another lee, Maister K——; nae vessel oud do't in less than sax days. (Aloud.) Whaur are ye bound for?'

"'Pernambuco.'

"Then came a pause. We were at the end of our questions, and now the pirates must have their turn. In that terrible interval, with the worst of all deaths staring us in the face, there came the strangest, weirdest mingling of broad fun with the black horror that encompassed us. Our good, simple-hearted crew had obeyed the captain's orders to 'rig up dummies,' by sticking up a lot of spars, close together as the rails of a palisade, with old hats and jackets flapping upon them like scarecrows; while on the roundhouse itself appeared an enormous Kilmarnock bonnet, as if some giant had suddenly risen up through the very roof. This last absurdity made the cup of the skipper's patience overflow altogether. 'Ye drunken rascals!' he growled under his breath, 'do ye think ony mon wud put his heid through a roon noose? or that the blackguards can be frightit like crawn in a field? It's eneugh to make them board us at once, for daurin' to mak' fules o' them!'

"'Ship ahoy! what's your name?"

"The sharp stern call fell across his mutterings like the cut of a sword. The captain started and answered.

"'The Carron, from Glasgow.'

"'What's your cargo?'

"'Coals. (There's nae guid tellin' them, Maister K——, that we hae Manchester guids aboard; they wud cut oor throtts for the half of them.)'

"'Where are you bound for?'

"'Rio de Janeiro.'

"There was another pause; and then came a searching question. 'Do you reckon by a chronometer, or by time?'

"'By time.'

"Then ensued a deep silence; and in that dead hush of expectation I could almost hear the beatings of my own heart. The captain's face looked pinched and drawn like a three days' corpse; and the surgeon, who was standing near me, bit his lip till the blood ran down. It was not the thought of being killed that troubled us; but to die butchered like sheep, without a chance of resistance, was more than we could bear. We could see that there was a hot discussion going on among the pirates, and that many of them were for boarding us at once. Hands were pointed at us again and again, and voices rose up high and fierce, in a jargon of all languages at once; till at last (we seemed to have lived a life time in those few minutes) we heard the order given to 'put about,' and the pirate began to draw off. Then we knew that we were saved, and every man drew a long breath, as if he had risen from the grave.

"But as the pirate wore round (as though she had still one more dose in store for us), I saw something in the after part of her that made my blood run cold. She was just coming about, and her cabin hatchway was right opposite me, when suddenly there rose half way up it the face of a young girl—beautiful exceedingly, but with a horror of utter despair in every feature that made one's flesh creep to look at. The face of Medusa was not ghastlier or more horrible; and as for her eyes—I see them sometimes in my dreams, even now. When she saw me looking at her (the pirates were all forward, and could not see that she was there), she just clasped her hands, and looked up to the sky with a gaze like a lost soul taking its last glance of heaven; and then vanished as she had come."

The old man ceased to speak, and seemed brooding over the story which he had told.

"And did you ever hear of them again?" asked I at length.

"Yes, *once!*" he answered, with gloomy emphasis. "Ten years after this affair, a pirate was caught and hanged in one of the ports of the Mediterranean. Just before his execution, he begged for a priest, saying that he could not die without confessing *one* great crime in which he had had a share; and his confession cleared up a mystery which had long been the talk of Rio. Just about the time I went out, there was a vessel called the 'Redpole' expected from Brazil with specie; she was spoken off the cape here, and never heard of more. Well, this fellow said that he and his gang were on the look-out for her about Cape Frio, and that just before falling in with her, they spoke a brig from Glasgow, which they would not stop to plunder, for fear of letting the 'Redpole' escape them. And they got her at last, sure enough. She was lying, becalmed off Cape Frio in the glorious summer morning, and the passengers, having just finished breakfast, were all about the deck reading, talking, singing, making love, when the pirate came down upon them. 'We rifled the cargo,' said he, 'scuttled the ship, and made everybody walk the plank.' Bah! I don't care to talk of it any more! Let us go down and begin packing; we shan't be long of getting to Rio now."

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

☞ A Chinaman regards dancing as a species of Caucasian insanity.

☞ A matter of course—A coroner's inquest.

☞ An awful swell—The cheek after a toothache.

☞ A Wisconsin justice of the peace divorced a couple recently as follows: He stood them in the middle of the floor, backs together, and as they walked away from each other, he repeated the marriage ceremony backward.

☞ There is a landlord in Boston who is in the habit of placing an extra fork beside the plate of such boarders as have not paid promptly—being an intimation to "fork over" likewise.

☞ The editor of a Newark paper heard the other day that a new pass had been found in the Andes. He immediately wrote to a man in South America that the pass was his, and he would be much obliged if the man would forward it at once.

☞ The Greeley (Colorado) Tribune asserts that at times the singing of the Rocky Mountain turkey is "really beautiful." Probably when the listener is uncommonly hungry.

☞ A Danbury boy of ten winters stole a harmonica, Friday evening, to serenade his girl with, and was sending thunder and lightning through it, when overhauled by his father and the owner. He says there are places where a poultice won't take hold worth a cent.—*Danbury News.*

☞ A dreadful Ohio paper inquires how the member of the Legislature got along with the ice cream he stowed away in his pocket, at a recent reception.

☞ The Tycoon of Japan has sent an official letter to Mr. Mori, at Washington, ordering the latter to forward him a hundred pairs of American trousers with pockets in the hips and spring bottoms.

☞ A Southern publisher complains because some of his subscribers understood the printed words "received payment" on the dunning bills he sent them, as an intimation that he forgave them their debts.

☞ A young lady in Meadeville recently sent a young man an invitation to a "yonker" party. He went, but could not play because his arm was lame with carrying over unabridged dictionaries.

☞ At the Morgue in Paris, there is always a detective in plain clothes, whose business it is to observe the impression which the sight of the bodies makes upon the spectators. Many murderers have thus been discovered.

☞ Masquerade weddings are the latest feature of connubial fun in Indiana. The minister is masked, the bride is masked, ditto the groom, attendants and guests. The groom trusts to luck, and sometimes finds he has married the wrong woman, but such trivial occurrences do not make sadness in that State.

☞ There are experts on all manner of subjects in these days of litigation. A woman testified at Norwich, the other day, in a turkey case, and declared that she knew those turkeys "by their walk, their countenance and their manner of roosting." She was a shrewd observer of the ways of poultry.

☞ A letter bearing the following inscription passed through the Troy post-office, Thursday: "Rt. Rev. Frank Primer, skipper of the lively Betsey Jane and Bible agent to the Kickapoo Indians."

☞ A lady, on being separated from her husband, changed her religion, being determined, she said, to avoid his company in this world and the next.

☞ A Hartford philanthropist has invented a bottle of a peculiar shape to be used exclusively for poison, and dedicated to stupid apothecaries' clerks.

☞ A Connecticut editor, having been elected fence-viewer, calls on all who have fences to be viewed to bring them to his office, under penalty of the law.

☞ An elegant white hearse, suitable mourning for children under 15 years of age, is advertised in an Omaha paper at $5 a trip.

☞ A stalwart yeoman, weighing seven stone, wedded last week at Haverhill, Mass., a fragile bride of 210 pounds avoirdupois.

☞ Kansas lawyers are fined for profanity and contempt of court when they undertake to quote Latin to the judge.

☞ A sorrowing friend, writing of the death of an estimable lady, said: "She has gone to her eternal *rest*." His dismay can only be faintly imagined when, upon a "proof" of his obituary notice being sent to him, he read, "She has gone to her eternal *roast*."

☞ A colored woman in Providence was called to the witness-stand in court with a baby in her arms. Not wishing to testify in the case, she secretly pinched the baby until she was suffered temporary absence from the room to soothe its wailings, when she trudged off beyond recall.

☞ A Racine girl went to the boot and shoe store where her faithless lover works, the other day, broke a bottle of blacking in his face, and poured hot glue on his head. He will stick to almost anything now.

☞ A Michigan clergyman wrote to a lottery agent, "I do not approve of lotteries; I regard them as no better than gambling schemes. My son bought ticket No. 5 in your drawing, but if it drew anything don't send the money to him—send it to me." The clergyman will probably feel relieved to learn that the ticket didn't draw anything.

☞ A Chicago paper eulogizes the one solitary street car conductor in that city who "keeps his face and hands clean."

☞ It is hinted that a woman in Connecticut, whose speech was lately restored after twelve years' silence, is making up for lost time.

☞ A blue specular iron ore deposit has been discovered near Granville, Missouri—probably by a man with blue specks.

☞ In Coldwater, Miss., last year, twenty-one couples got tired of living in hot-water, and procured divorces.

☞ The use of hair-dye is said to have caused the death of Governor Geary. Sugar-of-lead is the active agent in all hair-dyes—let advertisers say what they will—and causes paralysis of the muscles.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

BITS OF TALK ABOUT HOME MATTERS. By H. H., author of "Verses," and "Bits of Travel." Published by Roberts Brothers, Boston; and also for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philada. Price $1 00.

LAKEVILLE; OR, SUBSTANCE AND SHADOW. By MARY HEALY, author of "A Summer's Romance," etc. With illustrations. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada.

THE FORTY-FIVE GUARDSMEN. A Novel. By ALEXANDER DUMAS. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philada.

PAY DAY AT BABEL, AND ODES. By ROBERT BOSTON RODNEY, U. S. N., author of "Albion and Rosamond." Published by D. Van Nostrand, New York.

LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE for April. The important industries for which the city of Wilmington, Delaware, is so justly distinguished, have been made the subject of the initial article in Lippincott's this month. The writer has evidently exerted himself to obtain the most trustworthy information, which he presents in a style remarkable for its clearness and easy flow. The article is profusely illustrated. Thackeray's "Gray Friars," by an old "Gown-boy," is full of interesting reminiscences of the old Charter-House school, and of Thackeray's connection with it. The paper is evidently from the pen of one familiar with some of the best and most curious phases of English life. The poetry in this number is considerably above the general standard. "The Glaciers of Paradise," by a new poet, Hjalmar Hjarth Boyesen, will elicit notice. "Our Monthly Gossip," as usual, is full of piquant and engaging anecdotes and timely notes on men and things. Published by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philada.

THE GALAXY for April. This number is a good one, containing in its varied bill of fare choice morsels to suit all tastes. Readers of "The Wetherel Affair" will find their interest intensified by the developments in this instalment of the story. The most prominent article in the number is the exceedingly interesting one upon France and Louis Napoleon, in which the writer, Richard B. Kimball, reviews the circumstances which led to the rise of the late Emperor to the head of the French nation. The series of articles upon "Life Assurance" closes in this number with an array of statistics which will be a startling revelation to many readers. The poetry of the number is exceptionally good, including new poems by Bayard Taylor, Joaquin Miller, and Mary L. Ritter.

THE JOURNAL OF THE FRANKLIN INSTITUTE for March. Edited by WILLIAM H. WAHL, Ph. D. Published by the Franklin Institute, at their Hall, Philada.

THE AMERICAN EXCHANGE AND REVIEW for March. This contains a number of good articles, "Will and Force," "Old Literary Remains," "Books—Their Reading and Writing," "Bokhara," "Fire and Water," etc. Published by the Review Publishing Co., Philada.

☞ The postmaster of Bridgeport, Connecticut, is reported to charge two cents extra for "licking and sticking" postage-stamps.

☞ A Montreal man, in a fit of drunken rage at his wife, went to the cemetery and mutilated a costly monument she had placed over the remains of her first husband.

☞ Don't sit lopsided when you write, squinting at your chirography across the bridge of your nose. A distinguished oculist declares this attitude extremely hurtful to the eyes.

☞ A Pennsylvania youth, on receiving a severe cowhiding from a young woman whom he had jilted, rather congratulated himself than otherwise, remarking that if she treated him so when they were not married, it was impossible to tell what he would have suffered at her hands after marriage.

☞ A circuit preacher was reviled in Somerset, Ohio, when he said he had travelled 165,000 miles to lead his hearers to righteousness. But he was applauded and treated with the greatest respect when he warmed up and said he "could lick his weight in wild cats."

☞ Out in Ohio they want to fine men who go to sleep in church. Imagine the thinness of congregations that would result.

☞ An Iowa newspaper proprietor has trained a large bull-terrier for the position of fighting editor.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Thirty cents a line for the first insertion.
Twenty cents for each additional insertion.
☞ Payment is required in advance.

OLD CONTINENTAL MONEY FOR SALE. This money belonged to General Washington during the dark days of our American Revolution. Price from $5 to $100, according to denomination. (By mail.) S. M. COLE, Hemlock Hollow, Wayne County, Pa. mh29-1t

A LADY who has been cured of nervous debility after many years of misery, desires to make known to all fellow sufferers the sure means of relief. Address, enclosing a stamp, Mrs. M. MERRITT, P. O. Box, 5633, Boston, Mass., and the prescription will be sent free by return mail. mh29-4t

WORKING CLASS—MALE OR FEMALE—$60 a week guaranteed. Respectable employment at home, day or evening; no capital required; full instruction and valuable package of goods sent by mail. Address, with six cent return stamp, M. YOUNG & CO., 173 Greenwich St., N. Y. mh29-26t

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,
FOR PURIFYING THE BLOOD.

THIS compound of the vegetable alteratives, Sarsaparilla, Dock, Stillingia and Mandrake, with the Iodides of Potassium and Iron, makes a most effectual cure of a series of complaints which are very prevalent and afflicting. It purifies the blood, purges out the lurking humors in the system, that undermine health and settle into troublesome disorders. Eruptions of the skin are the appearance on the surface of humors that should be expelled from the blood. Internal derangements are the determination of these same humors to some internal organ, or organs, whose action they derange, and whose substance they disease and destroy. AYER'S SARSAPARILLA expels these humors from the blood. When they are gone, the disorders they produce disappear, such as *Ulcerations of the Liver, Stomach, Kidneys, Lungs, Eruptions and Eruptive Diseases of the Skin, St. Anthony's Fire, Rose or Erysipelas, Pimples, Pustules, Blotches, Boils, Tumors, Tetter and Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Ringworm, Ulcers and Sores, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Pain in the Bones, Side and Head, Female Weakness, Sterility, Leucorrhœa arising from internal ulceration and uterine disease, Dropsy, Dyspepsia, Emaciation and General Debility.* With their departure health returns.

PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.,
Practical and Analytical Chemists.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS IN MEDICINE. mh29-1t

MAGIC BOTTLES—Tricks performed with these bottles are marvellous. For parlor amusement, unequaled. Two in a box, with instructions. Price 50c. T. FLETCHER, 184 3d St., Williamsburgh, N. Y. mar8-13t

MAGIC EGGS—The most wonderful invention of the age. When lighted, a serpent a yard long uncoils from the burning egg. 10 in a nest. Price 50c. T. FLETCHER, 184 3d St., Williamsburgh, N. Y. mar8-13t

BE WARNED IN TIME—Unfortunate young men: your cases can be treated conscientiously and with trifling expense by a regular physician. Advice free. Address CHAS. T. PRICE, M. D., 727 Sixth Ave., New York jan18-13t

"MAGIC DRAWING SHEETS."—Agents wanted. Address BARBER BROTHERS, Port Byron, Ill. mar8-5t

MONEY made easy, with Stencil and Key Check Outfits. Catalogues and particulars FREE. S. M. SPENCER, 117 Hanover street, Boston. mh15-cow26t

PEMBERTON;
OR,
One Hundred Years Ago.
BY HENRY PETERSON,
AUTHOR OF "THE MODERN JOB," &c.

"There comes a voice that awakes my soul. It is the voice of years that are gone; they roll before me with their deeds."—*Ossian.*

A thick duodecimo volume, handsomely printed, and bound in cloth. Frontispiece, (beautifully engraved by Sharp, after a design by Bensell,) the Arbor Scene between Helen and Washington.

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

PART I.

Chapter.		Chapter.	
1.	The Surprise.	11.	The Quaker Preacher.
2.	Moll at the Hatchet.	12.	Pro and Con.
3.	The battle in the Mist.	13.	Plots and Counterplots.
4.	Captain André.	14.	Parting.
5.	A Woman's Will.	15.	A Daring Raid.
6.	The Wissahickon.	16.	Hail to the Chief.
7.	The Deserters.	17.	The Mischance.
8.	Phil. Morris.	18.	An Uninvited Guest.
9.	The dream of André.		
10.	The Fortune-Teller.		

PART II.

1.	Arnold the Hero.	7.	Arnold the Traitor.
2.	A Charm.	8.	A New Scheme.
3.	The Mob.	9.	Shall I do It.
4.	The Spy.	10.	The Ball.
5.	Helen and Arnold.	11.	Running the Gauntlet
6.	Captain Fanny Again.	12.	Planning Treason.

PART III.

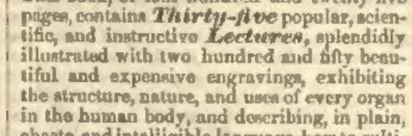
1.	A Change of Scene.	8.	Breaking the News.
2.	The Midnight Conference.	9.	Pemberton and Washington.
3.	The Price of Treason.	10.	Crossed by the Blow.
4.	A Perilous Journey.	11.	Pemberton and André
5.	For the Third Time.	12.	Captain Fanny's Plan.
6.	On the Way.	13.	The Death of André.
7.	The Arrest of André.		

PART IV.

Five Years After. | Conclusion.

Published by J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO., Philadelphia, and for sale by all Booksellers. Price $1.75.

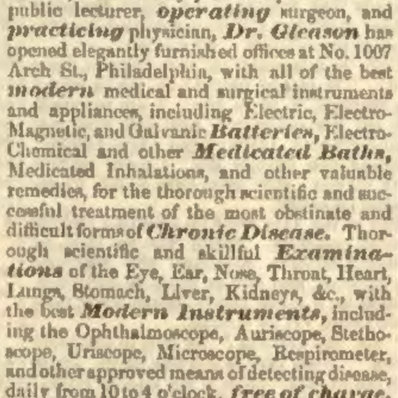
FOUND AT LAST.—A certain cure for Consumption. 3,000 cured within the last year with this wonderful medicine. For full particulars, including medicine, enclose one dollar, and address DR. H. H. HERTZLER, Burnt Cabins, Fulton County, Pennsylvania, and you will receive all by mail. feb8-12t



Write for Large Illustrated Descriptive Price List to
Double, Single, Muzzle and Breech-Loading Rifles, Shot Guns, Revolvers, Pistols, &c., of every kind, for men or boys, at very low prices. Guns, $5 to $300; Pistols, $1 to $25. sn8eow-26t

MAGIC OR INVISIBLE PHOTOGRAPHS.—Wonderful and Amusing. 25 cents, post-paid. Address B. FOX & CO., 369 Canal St., New York. de28-52t

HOW 'TIS DONE, or the Secret Out.—Moustache and Whiskers in 42 days. This GREAT SECRET and 100 others, Gamblers' Tricks, Cardology, Ventriloquism, all in the ORIGINAL "Book of Wonders." Mailed for 25 cents. Address D. C. CHUTLER, Carthage, Illinois. mar29-4t



DR. C. W. GLEASON,
Professor of Anatomy and Physiology, Author of the Laws of Life and Art of Preserving Health, Editor of the Physiologist, and well-known popular lecturer on the Science of Health, &c., has just published a new and valuable work on

HOW TO ACQUIRE GOOD HEALTH.

This book, of four hundred and twenty-five pages, contains ***Thirty-five*** popular, scientific, and instructive ***Lectures***, splendidly illustrated with two hundred and fifty beautiful and expensive engravings, exhibiting the structure, nature, and uses of every organ in the human body, and describing, in plain, chaste, and intelligible language, how to cultivate, strengthen, and preserve their ***Health***, fully explaining the causes of their ***Diseases***, how to ***Prevent*** and how to ***Cure*** them, &c. No ***Book*** of this kind, so expensively illustrated and containing such a vast amount of useful practical information for every one, has ever before been published in this country. Price, $2.00, sent by mail or express.

Having retired from the ***Lecturing Field***, after twenty years' experience as a public lecturer, ***operating*** surgeon, and ***practicing*** physician, ***Dr. Gleason*** has opened elegantly furnished offices at No. 1007 Arch St., Philadelphia, with all of the best ***modern*** medical and surgical instruments and appliances, including Electric, Electro-Magnetic, and Galvanic ***Batteries***, Electro-Chemical and other ***Medicated Baths***, Medicated Inhalations, and other valuable remedies, for the thorough scientific and successful treatment of the most obstinate and difficult forms of ***Chronic Disease.*** Thorough scientific and skillful ***Examinations*** of the Eye, Ear, Nose, Throat, Heart, Lungs, Stomach, Liver, Kidneys, &c., with the best ***Modern Instruments***, including the Ophthalmoscope, Auriscope, Stethoscope, Uriscope, Microscope, Respirometer, and other approved means of detecting disease, daily from 10 to 4 o'clock, ***free of charge.***

Correspondence with invalids living at a distance respectfully solicited, and when a stamp is enclosed for return postage, all professional questions will be fully and frankly answered. When requested, full, complete, and specific ***Dietetic*** and ***Hygienic*** rules and directions, with the best ***Medical Remedies*** for the ***Cure*** of Diseases of the Stomach, Liver, Catarrh, Scrofula, Consumption, Nervous Debility, Disease of the Heart, Brain and Nerves, Kidneys, Bladder, Sexual Weakness, and Diseases of Women; with circulars containing valuable information as to the best means of acquiring and preserving health, sent by mail or express to all parts of the country. No charge for consultation or advice; but when ***Treatment*** is desired, or ***Surgical Operations*** are performed, a reasonable charge will be made.

fe22-3m

IMPORTANT
French Medical Discovery.
Consumption, Chlorosis, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Anæmia, Dyspepsia and Pulmonary Tubercules
RADICALLY CURED
With the Elixir J. P. Bernard of Paris.
GENERAL DEPOT:
10. BERNARD & CO., 62 William Street, New York.
P. O. Box 4465.
Instructions sent (free) on application.
mar1-13t

AGENTS! A RARE CHANCE!!
We pay all Agents $30 per week in cash who engage with us at once. Everything furnished and expenses paid. Address A. COULTER & CO., Charlotte, Mich. mh29-4t

AGENTS WANTED FOR
BEHIND THE SCENES IN WASHINGTON.
The spiciest and best selling book ever published. It tells all about the great *Credit Mobilier Scandal*, Senatorial Briberies, Congressmen, Rings, Lobbies, and the Wonderful Sights of the National Capital. It sells quickly. Send for circulars, and see our terms and a full description of the work. Address National Publishing Co., Philadelphia, Pa. mh22-4t

$72.00 EACH WEEK.—Agents wanted everywhere. Business strictly legitimate. Particulars free. Address J. WORTH, St. Louis, Mo. mar8-4t

FREE TO YOU! FREE TO ALL!
BOOK of NEW RECEIPTS
An illustrated book of the odd, quaint, curious and interesting. 72 pages; 50 illustrations. Mailed for two stamps. Address BLACKIE & CO., 746 Broadway, New York. ☞ *Don't fail to send for it.* mar1-13t

$3000 A YEAR $3000
SELLING SOMETHING ENTIRELY NEW.
PAYING AGENTS
ONE HUNDRED PER CENT. PROFIT.
OVER
100,000 ALREADY SOLD.
Ladies and gentlemen out of employment should address PITTSBURG SUPPLY CO., Pittsburg, Pennsylvania. dec 14-26t

AGENTS WANTED—For Great Fires of History, Chicago, Boston, Portland, N. York, London, etc. Causes, Systems of Extinguishing Fire, Safes, Fire-proof Buildings, Bank Vaults, Insurance, &c. Thrilling, Humorous, Pathetic. *Only complete Illustrated work. Going like Hot Cakes.* Write WORTHINGTON, DUSTIN & CO., oct5-26t Hartford, Ct.

$5 to $20 per day! Agents wanted! All classes of working people to $20 per day, of either sex, young or old, make more money at work for us in their spare moments or all the time than at anything else. Particulars free. Address G. Stinson & Co., Portland, Maine. nov15-52t

AGENTS WANTED—NOVELTY BUTTON-HOLE CUTTER. Sample 25 cts. H. DE SILVER & CO., 31 S. SIXTH St., Phila. mar15-4t

A BRAVE BOOK.
"WHAT WOMAN SHOULD KNOW."
A Woman's Book about Women, by a Woman. (Mrs. E. B. DUFFEY.)
The only work of the kind ever written by a woman, is a necessity in every household; its entire novelty and **eminent practicalness** will create an **immense demand.** Notwithstanding the delicate subject is necessarily treated, it is written in such **brave pure** style as will not offend the most fastidious. Lady agents never have had such an opportunity to make money and do good. Terms and sample sheets mailed free on immediate application. J. M. STODDART & CO., mar15-4t Philadelphia.

RUPTURE
Relieved and Cured by Dr. Sherman's Patent Appliance and Compound. 785 Broadway, N. Y. Send 10c. for book with photographic likenesses of cases before and after cure, with the Rupert Ward Boucher case, letters and portrait. Beware of traveling impostors, who pretend to have been assistants of Dr. SHERMAN. He has no Agents. ap5-1y

PALMER
PATENTS. BEST IN USE.
PRINCIPAL OFFICE
1609 CHESTNUT STREET
PHILADELPHIA.
ADDRESS THE INVENTOR.
DR. B. FRANK PALMER, Pres't A. A. Line C't
Commissioned by the Surgeon-General,
FOR THE U. S. ARMY AND NAVY.

DR. PALMER gives personal attention to the business of his profession, aided by men of the best qualifications and greatest experience.

More than a thousand distinguished officers and soldiers have worn the PALMER LIMBS on active duty; while still greater numbers of civilians, by their aid, fill important positions, AND EFFECTUALLY CONCEAL THEIR MISFORTUNE.

All Genuine "PALMER LIMBS" have the name of the inventor affixed.

PAMPHLETS, which contain the NEW RULES FOR AMPUTATIONS, and full information for persons in want of limbs, sent free, by mail or otherwise.

The attention of Surgeons, Physicians, and all persons interested, is most respectfully solicited.

To avoid imposition apply only to
B. FRANK PALMER, LL. D.,
1609 CHESTNUT STREET,
PHILADELPHIA, PA.
nov5-1f

AVOID QUACKS.
A victim of early indiscretion, causing nervous debility, premature decay, &c., having tried in vain every advertised remedy, has discovered a simple means of self-cure, which he will send free to his fellow-sufferers. Address, J. H. REEVES, 78 Nassau St., New York. sep14-1y

FORT EDWARD COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE.—Fall term, Aug. 29. Winter term, Dec. 5. Spring term, March 20. $185 per year for board, fuel, washing, with common English branches. A choice of three courses of study for ladies or gentlemen. A complete commercial course also. A class is always fitting for college. The best instruction in Music, Painting, Languages, Telegraphy. Students admitted any time. Address for catalogues or for rooms, JOEL E. KING, D.D., Fort Edward, New York. nov2-26t

PERFECT GEMS. The new, elegant and unique MICROSCOPIC CHARMS.—These "little beauties" are finely got up in ivory, to be worn on watch guards, or as ornaments and keepsakes, and each contains a picture or portrait, which upon looking through the charm is magnified 1000 times. We have just received an immense assortment, which we mail in sealed letters, prepaid, to any address, for only 25 cents each, 5 for $1, or $2 a dozen. Try one and secure something that will be a keepsake for life. Order only from B. FOX & CO. No. 369 Canal street, New York City. de21-26t

30 NEW SONGS, ARTS, and 20 new RECEIPTS mailed free. THEO. F. WOOD, Vernon, N. J. 24-13t

A MAN OF A THOUSAND.
A CONSUMPTIVE CURED.
DR. H. JAMES, while experimenting, accidentally made a preparation of CANNABIS INDICA, which cured his only child of CONSUMPTION.
This remedy is now for sale at first-class Druggists. Try it, prove it for yourself. Price $2.50.
CRADDOCK & CO., Proprietors, 1062 Race Street, Philadelphia, Pa.
Letters answered promptly. feb1-13t

AN "ELEGANT CHROMO" and "ILLUSTRATED BOOK OF WONDERS," only 15 cents by mail-paid. Address B. FOX & CO., No. 369 Canal Street, New York City. sep14-1y

HINKLEY FAMILY KNITTER. Best in Use. One Needle. Agents Wanted. Send for Circular and Stocking. HINKLEY K. M. CO., Bath, Me. feb8-13t

HOW TO BEHAVE AND SHINE IN SOCIETY; The Laws of Courtship and Marriage; The Complete Fortune-Teller, and Dream-Book; How to Write Letters Correctly; Invisible Photographs; Art of Secret Correspondence. All good. Mailed for 15 cents. each, or the lot for 75 cents. Address E. THORNTON, Hoboken, New Jersey. jan25-13t

Instantaneous Relief and Sound, Refreshing Sleep
GUARANTEED BY USING MY
Instant Relief for the Asthma.
It acts instantly, relieving the paroxysm immediately, and enabling the patient to lie down and sleep. I suffered from this disease twelve years,

WIT AND HUMOR.

DON'T CALL A MAN A LIAR.

Never tell a man he is a liar unless you are certain that you can whip him, for, as a general rule, when you say that it means fight.

I have arrived at this conclusion through sad experience. I know that it is not safe to give the lie to a muscular Christian.

I did it once. I am sorry for it now, as I never grieved for anything else in the whole course of my life.

We were standing on the sidewalk, in front of the club, when I made the statement. We were talking politics, and men who talk politics and get hot over it are, to put it mildly, lunatics, or else want an office, or have some friend who wants an office.

This man made an assertion touching the fair fame of my candidate. It is probable that if it had been as true as it was false, I should have taken the same course, because, you understand, a man who talks politics has no sense, anyhow. I think I said this before, but it is all the same. I want to make it strong, and get you to understand how I got my ornamental eye.

I mildly suggested that a man who would make such a statement as that was lost to all sense of shame, and would be guilty of any bad crime.

He disagreed with me upon that point. As for himself, he never made a statement except upon the most ample proof. My candidate was the meanest villain living.

I told him he lied.

I have been kicked by a mule; have fallen out of a second-story window on a hard pavement; eaten green persimmons; heard Miss Blow read poetry for two hours and a half; skated; rode a sharp-backed horse of mustang parentage, an adept in the art of "bucking;" suffered grief of various kinds, and still clung to life; but all of these are feathers in the balance, as compared with the result of that little word liar.

Immediately after saying it I sat down—not in the way people usually sit down.

I sat down on the rim of my ear, ten feet from the spot where I had been standing when I made use of the expression quoted above. I am not used to sitting in that position, and do not think it agrees with me.

I have heard of people who "got up on their ear" and walked off. I wish I knew how to do it, and would have propelled myself away from the spot immediately if I had possessed this happy faculty. I proceeded to get myself perpendicularly, intending to use the locomotion which Nature had given me; but when I came right side up, something heavy ran against my nose, and I felt very tired. I sat down on my other ear. I like a change; it is too monotonous doing the same thing over and over again.

Somebody took my large friend away, and I was quite pleased when he was gone. I have concluded to look twice at a man before I give the lie again. My eye is in mourning, my nose swelled into the size of a citron, with the color of a blush rose, and my clothes look as if they had run through a patent sausage machine. I would not have that man's temper for anything in the world.

PRACTICAL SCIENCE.

We have not, even in this age of enlightenment, learned to appreciate the wonders of electricity. Tompkins, of Germantown, is engaged in a series of investigations, however, which threatens to throw a flood of light upon the subject. He was annoyed, some time ago, by the continual barking of a dog in the yard next to his; so he inclosed a small blasting torpedo in a chunk of meat, attached a very fine thread of wire to it, ran the wire into a battery in his dining-room and threw the meat over the fence. His purpose was to induce his neighbor's dog to swallow the torpedo, when he would immediately touch it off and lift that vociferous animal, as it were, out into the etherial space which hovers around Germantown. It happened unfortunately, that the hired girl next door came out into the yard while the dog was there, and, seeing the meat, she picked it up to give to the animal. When Tompkins felt a pull at the wire, he was assured that the decisive moment had come; so he applied the current. In a moment an explosion was heard, and a demoralized hired girl might have been seen lying on the ground, yelling energetically. After her ribs were reset, the stumps of her fingers dressed, and the value of the hair lost by singeing had been estimated, Tompkins was called on to settle the bill with a check for two thousand dollars; and now he is pursuing his investigations exclusively within the precincts of his own home.—*Philada Despatch.*

ARTICLES FOR SALE.

A Detroit man wants to sell a patent pistol-cane or a promising Newfoundland pup, he don't care which. He went home the other night and set his cane, heavily charged, behind the door, and started in for a little romp, with his three bright little ones. They got along well enough until the pup spied the cane, and going for it, started upon a promiscuous run around the chairs and table-legs with it between his teeth. The doting father remembered the effect of a slight pressure upon a spring, and with rare presence of mind succeeded in throwing the children down the cellar stairs and placing himself on the top of a side-board before the thing went off. The ball only broke a hundred-dollar mirror, and the pup only got a few scratches in jumping through a plate-glass window. The doctor says the children will all recover. No insurance.

THE PLEASURES OF FARMING.

A Danbury young man, who was once a clerk, lately went on a farm to work. The first night in his new position he was detailed to remove a calf from the apartment of its parent to another shed, and while engaged, as thousands have been before him, in shoving the contrary beast along, the mother reached under the tails of his coat with her horns, and suddenly lifted him up against the roof of the building with a force that threatened to shatter every bone in his body. The first thing he did on returning to earth was to rub himself, the next thing was to throw up his place. He said he didn't doubt that agriculture was a noble pursuit, and that the farmer needed an assistant in the discharge of his multifarious duties, but he didn't believe the Creator designed him for making skylights in cow-sheds.

FUNERALS VS. PARTIES.

A Southern correspondent sends the following incident, from real life, which illustrates the well-known negro fondness for so-called lugubrious festivals:—

A lady friend of mine was much beset a few days ago by her cook for permission to attend the funeral of some relative. The lady forbade her leaving just at that time, but, to compensate her for the deprivation, her mistress said—

"Rose, I really feel sorry for you, but you shall lose nothing by staying at home. I promise that you shall go to the first party that is given by any of your friends, and stay all night long."

Rose, tossing her head, replied—

"Law, Miss Susan, how kin you talk like dat? You know I don't set no vally on parties. *Forty parties couldn't pay me for de sight of one corp!*"

She saw the "corp."—*Lippincott's Magazine.*

RIVER AND SEA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY ELLA WHEELER.

It was June; and I think June sees more romances and tragedies, more foundations for heartaches and sorrows than any other month in the year. It was a moonlight night, too, and moonlight to the young is what wine is to the worshipper at Bacchus's shrine. It fires the imagination, it makes the blood leap, it renders him oblivious to everything but the intoxication of the present moment.

Under the bending locusts, late so fragrant with clusters of white blossoms, walked Charlie Chapman and Bessie Ellsworth. The night was very warm, and Bessie went to the open door to get a breath of fresh air. After a moment Charlie joined her there, and proposed a walk under the locusts. With a glance at her guests, to see if all were entertained, and finding the merry party all listening to one of Ned Rockaway's side-splitting stories, and feeling confident they would not miss her, Bessie consented.

Charlie drew her arm closely within his and looked down upon her sweet face with his passionate dark eyes. She glanced up and met his earnest gaze and flushed a little. Only a little, for Bessie was one of those whose exterior betrays little of what is passing in the mind. But Charlie saw the flush as it swept over the gentle face, making it more like a blush-rose than ever, and he drew her arm closer and took her hand in his. They had paused in their walk, and were standing by the gate, half hidden by the drooping branches of the locusts. Charlie's burning eyes were bent upon her face; Charlie's ebon locks brushed her forehead; Charlie's arm stole about her waist, and his voice whispered in impassioned accents, "Oh, Bessie, my darling, I love you!" She did not answer, only to lift her lips to his and close her eyes to meet his almost fierce kisses. "My love, my life, my *bride*," he whispered, "tell me that you love me!"

She hid her face upon his shoulder. "Oh, I cannot say it, you know it—you know that I, who never before permitted any man to even kiss my hand, *must* love before I could receive willingly a caress like this. Why need I say more? Words are empty—*this* must assure you of my love." And she clasped both arms about his neck and put her lips to his. "There," she said, "I, who have never more than touched the hand of any man, have done the boldest thing a woman can do! Are you satisfied? And now come back to the house. My guests will miss me, and think I have deserted them."

"But it is so much pleasanter to have you here all to myself, now that you are *mine*. Please stay a little longer, and let me tell you how much I love you."

She let him draw her closer, and smiled up in his face with her gentle brown eyes. "I would like to stay longer, but we must go back," she said. "It will be unpardonable if we remain much longer."

"If your love is like mine," he said, "you would forget there was any one in the world but me. I had forgotten there was any but you."

She looked at him reproachfully. "I think my love will prove itself true," she said. "I think you will never have cause to complain. But we must go back now."

He kissed her many times before he would let her go, and then the two walked slowly back to the house together.

Ned Rockaway had just finished his absurd story, and the guests were paired off, or dispersed in little groups, all chatting or laughing over Ned's yarn. Bessie's quick eye took in the scene, and she saw that her absence had not caused any wonder, even if it had been noticed. Now, the young people saw her entering, accompanied by Charlie Chapman, and one or two knew by Charles' face what had happened. It was written in his passionate, expressive countenance. But Bessie's face was passive and calm as a summer day, and no one could guess what was in her heart. No one could see the great all-absorbing joy that had suddenly come into her life. She was always sweet and cheerful and loveable, she was the same now, nothing more.

Watching her with eager, restless eyes, Charlie was conscious of the least bit of annoyance that her manner betrayed nothing of her love for him. His love was like a great flood rushing along with uncontrollable force. He could not conceal it if he would. If hers was as great, how could she appear so calm and unconscious. Did she love him after all?

Something of this he said to her when they were alone for a few moments after the guests had retired to their rooms for the night.

"My darling," he said, "I love you so well that I watch every movement, every expression of yours jealously, and it seems to me you do not love me as I love you. No one would suspect from your face or manner that you loved me, while the most obtuse could not fail to understand my sentiments toward you. Why is it?"

Only a difference in our natures," she said. "It is not natural to me to betray my feelings, it is to you. I am reserved, you are the contrary. But you must not doubt my love. Once loving I love forever. Nothing can change me. I have perfect faith in you; you must have in me, or we cannot be happy."

But as the days went by Charlie's jealous doubts returned. Bessie was so calm, so undemonstrative, although she returned his caresses, and was as clinging and affectionate as a lover could desire when they were alone, yet he doubted.

"Oh, you are *cold!*" he said to her some times. "Your love is not like mine. Yours is a placid lake—mine is the mighty river." And then she would smile sweetly and gently, and looking in his face with her fathomless eyes answer: "I think in the years to come you will find my love all that you can desire. I think you will become satisfied after you have tested me that my heart is very true."

But that did not satisfy Charlie Chapman. He wanted her to say that she would go through fire and flood for him; that she would suffer pain or death for his sake, if need be; and it was not Bessie Ellsworth's nature to say those things. Her's was the nature to *do much*, but to say little; and Charlie Chapman—well, he *said* much.

The engagement was not made known any further than Charlie's manner exposed it. Bessie said they could not be married for two years, and they did not care to have their engagement gossiped about by every idle tongue in the meantime. Yet it was generally suspected, and perhaps made quite as much gossip, as if it had been announced. Charlie was handsome, talented, wealthy, and a general favorite. Bessie was sweet, amiable and lady-like, the orphaned niece of a wealthy merchant, and people thought it an excellent match.

They were all out at her uncle's summer residence when it happened. There on the shores of the lake, a pleasant party of twelve, idled the sweet summer away. Among the twelve, six of each sex, there was more than *one* romance begun that summer, but only one tragedy.

Out in the woods one day they scattered themselves about for a rustic picnic.—Charlie was busying himself spreading a cloth on the grass for the refreshments, and so Ned Rockaway chanced to get by Bessie's side, as he had often tried to do before, and failed. Looking up, Bessie saw a graver look in gay Ned's eyes than she had ever seen there before.

"Why, Ned!" she cried, "how sober you look! What are you thinking about?"

"About *you*," he answered gently, "as usual."

Bessie looked up in surprise at his strange tone and words.

"Oh, don't look so shocked!" he cried, almost sharply. "I know how useless it is—I know I am a fool, but I *love you*, Bessie Ellsworth."

"Love me—you—oh, Ned!" was all she could utter in her bewilderment.

"Yes, I!" he answered. "I know people suppose frivolous Ned Rockaway has no heart—no serious feelings on any subject; but even the king's jester has been known to *love*," he added, a little bitterly. "I know it is useless, but oh, Bessie! I do love you with the truest, best love a man ever gave, and I could make you happier than *he* could with all his mad, reckless passion. My love will live on forever an undying flame, after his has burned itself out."

"Oh, hush!" she cried. "I must not hear such words! it is wrong for you to speak them, or for me to listen."

"Yes, I know; pardon me, forgive me, and I will never speak so again," Ned answered, all repentance now. "I never meant to speak at all, but then when a man's heart is full to overflowing, he must relieve himself in some way. We will be the best of friends, Miss Bessie, as ever, and I will try and never pain you so again. Only remember, come what may, I am your friend. Call on me at any time for a favor. Come to me when you need a friend."

Somebody came up just then, and Ned was his old, rollicking self once more, the life of the company as usual, and Bessie could scarcely realize that it was Ned who had spoken such impassioned words to her. It was all so sudden and strange, and unexpected. But her face did not betray the agitation she felt, and no one suspected the little episode that had transpired.

The summer drifted away. The happy, golden summer that was to prove a crisis in the lives of many of that little company.

Charlie was going away to a distant city on some business which would detain him several months. He was the first of the party to go. His parting with Bessie was painful in its intensity. He held her in his arms, he kissed her, and called her pet names, he vowed he should know no joy until they met again. Bessie was very calm. She met his caresses passively, and only said, "Love, I shall be so lonely without you, so lonely."

"Oh, you are *cold!*" he cried, drawing her closer. "You will not miss me as I shall miss you, I know, but I must be content. Will your heart *ever* awaken I wonder, and burst in bloom under the glowing warmth of my love for you?"

It was very lonely after he went away; but no one suspected how much she felt it. The company lingered a few weeks—and then they, too, scattered to their homes. Bessie did not return to the city. She did not care to go now *he* was no longer there. She preferred remaining in the quiet country, and waiting his return. So she quietly dropped the life she had been leading, and buried herself in the roomy country place, with her books and her music, and waited for him. The months went by. The winter came and passed. Charlie's letters, less frequent than at first, made no mention of a return.

"I have engaged in business, here," he wrote, "and have my hands full. I see no opening for a vacation, and do not know when I shall see you again."

Still Bessie waited, and made excuses for his delay. "He is so busy he cannot neglect his business for me," she said; "or "he has too much to do to spend time writing letters. He will come by and by, and then we shall not be parted again."

You must remember she was only seventeen; and faith is very strong, at that age.

By and by his letters ceased. For two long months she heard nothing from him. Still she believed that he was true to her—fearing only that some calamity had befallen him. But his next letter told all.

"I presume you know what I am about to write," his letter ran. "My long silence has prepared you; and I think you will be only too glad to be released from an engagement that perhaps has been something of a fetter to you for months! I think you never loved me very deeply. It was but a girlish attachment. My love for you was a mad passion, which burned itself out in a few short months. I regard you only as a friend now; and there is one whom I *do* love. She will be my wife soon. She is much more entitled to be my wife than you are. I am sure this announcement will not give you pain—you have quite likely heard the rumor before, and have felt yourself free, without waiting for my consent. Quite likely your heart has wandered from its allegiance, even as mine has. Your letters have all been reserved and cold—and I do not think it will be hard for you to forget me."

That was what the letter said. A few weeks later, she received a paper containing a marked notice of his marriage. His wife was a wealthy banker's daughter; a brilliant woman, and a society belle.

A month later, Ned Rockaway suddenly presented himself at the old country house. He was shocked at the white face and heavy eyes that met him.

"I have come to take you back to the city," he said. "We are not going to let you bury yourself here any longer. You have made a hermit of yourself, giving your city friends only a glimpse of yourself in a year. Now you must come back to us."

"No, no," she said, "I am so used to this quiet place, I could not be happy in the city again. I have given up that life forever."

She looked so wan and heavy-eyed, Ned's heart ached for her.

"Don't," he cried, impulsively; "don't grieve your life away for *him*, when I could make you so happy. Oh, *come* to me, Bessie—let me devote a whole life to you, and guard you from every pain. Darling, I want you—I need you. Will you come?"

She looked at him languidly. "Dear old friend, kind old Ned," she said, gently. "How true and faithful you are. No, I cannot come to you. I have no heart to give you."

Ned pleaded, but she was firm; and so he left her. Her uncle tried to persuade her to return to the city, but she would not go. She buried herself in the quiet of the country. She brooded over her disappointment. She hugged her pain to her heart. She drooped—pined, sickened and died.

In his princely home, Charlie Chapman read of her death. His wife had gone to a ball, and gone against his wishes. She was a belle when he married her, and she was not willing to give up the title now. She carried on numerous flirtations. She whirled in the mazes of the waltz, encircled by the arms of libertines and rakes. She defied her husband, and he cursed the day he married her. So sitting there in his lonely room, where the skeleton of a great trouble stalked, he read of Bessie Ellsworth's death.

"Oh, God!" he moaned, "she is dead, and I killed her. I said her love was like the calm lake, when it was like the sea; like the deep, deep sea; and I could not understand. And mine was like the river, dashing away—kissing the land—gone forever. God forgive me, God forgive me!"

The night passed, the morning came, and still he sat there. His wife did not come. It was hours before he thought of her. Then he sprang to his feet, filled with a sudden, strange dread. Well, God had punished him, and he knew that he deserved it. A swift, terrible punishment, too. His house was disgraced, and he was bowed to the dust with shame; for his wife had fled across the seas with a French count. And down in the cold grave lay one who had died for him.

A Remarkable Dream.

Under the heading "Singular Prognostication," the London Times of Monday, April 17, 1865, gives the following narrative, copied from a local journal:—On Wednesday last the Rev. Stephen Barclay Drury, an unmarried clergyman of twenty-six, who has for about twelve months acted as the curate of Phillack and Gwithian, had a conversation with the brother of the rector of those parishes, Mr. Charles Hoskin, and related a dream, which he described as a very singular one, and as having made a deep impression on him. His words were, "I dreamed I was to be buried, and I followed my coffin into the church, and thence to the tomb. I took no part in the service; and when we came to the tomb, I looked into it, and saw it was very nice. I then asked the undertaker who was to be buried, and he answered, 'You.' I then said, 'I am not to be buried, I am not dead.' The undertaker then said, 'I must be paid for the coffin;' upon which I awoke." On Sunday morning and afternoon Mr. Drury officiated at Gwithian, and, after the second service, remained with the children to practice singing.

Returning to his lodgings in Gwithian at half-past four, he waited a little, took with him Thomas à Kempis's "Christian Pattern," and set out for a walk, accompanied by a Newfoundland dog. He asked for a bit of cord, as he might give the dog a dip, and started in his usual cheerful and happy mood. In an hour and a half the dog returned with the cord round his neck. Mr. Drury was never again seen alive. His absence throughout the night occasioned no surprise, as he sometimes went to and slept at Copperhouse, two miles off. On Monday morning a Gwinear miner, in quest of seaweed at low water near the rocky shore of Godrevy, saw Mr. Drury's body in a pool seventy or eighty yards from the sea. An inquest under the county coroner, Mr. John Rescoria, was held on Tuesday at Gwinthian, when these circumstances were elicited, and a verdict was returned of "Found drowned." From the facts, however, that Mr. Drury had never shown the least signs of depression, that he started with the expressed intention of giving the dog a dip, and that he was very near sighted, the general inference is, that the unfortunate gentleman slipped on the rocks, was stunned, fell into the water, and so casually and singularly fulfilled his strange dream of a few days previously.

☞ We understand that the man who had a cloud upon his brow has since been mist.

☞ It is said that a pistol has been invented by a locksmith in the Tyrol, which can be discharged twenty-five times a minute, and kill somebody every time.

LEGITIMATE CRITICISM.

AGED VILLAGE MATRON (to sympathizing visitor.)—"It's a 'Cookery Book,' as Mrs. Panewise, our 'District Lady,' give me this Christmas, miss. I'd a deal sooner a' had the ingriddiments, miss!"

Answers to Correspondents.

PAY YOUR POSTAGE.—Authors and others often send us letters and manuscripts not fully paid. In these cases the Department here enforces payment of the deficiency—which we either have to pay, or to decline receiving the letters or manuscripts. Authors will also bear in mind that the Department now requires letter postage on all manuscripts—therefore it is often cheaper, as it is always safer, to send large packages by express.

IGNORANCE, (Humboldt,) writes: "Being a devoted reader I have ventured a question: What makes the 14th of February go by the name of St. Valentine's day? What makes that day memorable, was it because he was a statesman or warrior, or was there ever such a being? and if so, was it a man or woman? An answer will benefit me greatly." There were several saints of this name, and it is not positively known to which one St. Valentine's day belongs. Legend ascribes it to a St. Valentine who is said to have been put to death in Rome under the Emperor Claudius. Nothing is known in the life of the saint to whom this day is dedicated that would explain the peculiar custom with which it is observed. Its observance may have originated in the old English notion that birds choose their mates on the 14th of February.

J. L. G. (Hendersonville, Pa.,) writes: "Everybody goes to you for information, why should not I? Please answer two or three questions. 1st. When did the Russians emancipate their serfs? Was it before or after Lincoln's emancipation proclamation? 2d. Were they all set free at once, or were they gradually to obtain their freedom, those born afterward being born free, and the others serving a certain time?" The decree freeing the Russian serfs antedated President Lincoln's proclamation. It was dated March 3d, 1861, and was to take final effect on March 3d, 1863. Serfdom was absolutely abolished, but under the following conditions: Each serf was to pay 100 roubles to his master as the price of his freedom. One-fifth of this was to be paid immediately, by the serf himself. The remainder was advanced by the government to the masters, and was to be repaid by the freed serfs during a period of 49 years. All these preliminaries were completed by the end of July, 1863, at which period serfdom ceased to exist in Russia.

NINA, (Princeton, Ky.,) asks: "Can you tell me something about Mardi Gras, which is creating such a sensation in some of our Southern cities? Is it not a Spanish play? Please tell me what you know of it." Mardi Gras, or Fat Tuesday, is the French name for what we know as Shrove Tuesday, the day preceding the beginning of Lent. It is kept with great festivities in our Southern cities as the last day of license before the Lenten discipline which follows. It is celebrated by processions in costume of various clubs, some of which are noted for the brilliancy of their appearance and the grotesqueness of their characters. Grand fancy balls conclude the day's festivities.

ECO, (Highland, Ill.,) writes: "As I see so many fly to your wise advice in time of need, I thought I would also come. Now please tell me what to do, for I am 'wretched and lonely.' About six months ago a young man returned to his home here. He had been away for some time, and I had not seen him before, as I had come here while he was away. Upon his return we formed a very warm friendship. In course of time I found my feeling of friendship had grown into love. But upon his part I could see no change. He is as attentive as ever; he is very kind to me, and seems to enjoy himself when he is in my company. But others of my lady friends say he is just as attentive and kind when he is with them, but never makes love to any of us. He is no flirt; but what does he mean by being so attentive and kind? He often says he will never marry, that the friendship of a lady is all he wishes. He is handsome, and has dreamy blue eyes, and is of pale and delicate complexion. Now please tell me what to do, for I feel that life will be naught to me unless I can yet call him mine. He often talks of his 'whilom friendship' with another lady. Now what is whilom? I do not know." We do not perceive any mystery in the matter. He means to be attentive and kind; in short, to be a gentleman in all his intercourse with his lady friends. But he either has no intention of marrying, or if he has, prefers to keep that intention to himself for the present. Our advice is that you take the young man at his word and indulge in no expectations which he plainly tells you will not be realized. As for his handsome face, dreamy blue eyes and delicate complexion, they may be very pleasant to look at, but they are scarcely worth falling in love with. If you must love, love the man for his manliness, not for the color of his skin and shape of his features. By whilom friendship he means a former friendship with the lady in question.

M. S. K. (Fulton, N. Y.,) writes: "Of course I am an old subscriber, or I should not ask you to answer questions. 1st. What is a boomerang; what the shape of it; what the material; how is it thrown; how far thrown; and does it return to the thrower; and what are its uses? 2d. When water is poured from a spout it takes a twist, and so far as I have observed always in the same direction. Is this an universal law, and what is the explanation of it? 3d. There is a small revolving article, about the shape of the Cap of Liberty, and about the size. They are sold to put on the tops of chimneys to increase the draught. I want to know specially if they have that effect? 4th. My syrup-can for white syrup holds six gills, and we use and put in two gills every day. There has been now put into it two gills of black molasses. I shall put in no more of the black, but always the white. When, on this proceeding, will the last vestige of the black molasses be used out?" 1st. The boomerang is a piece of wood, bent at an obtuse angle in the centre, one side being flat, the other convex, with a blunt edge. It is about two feet long, two and a half inches broad, and one-third of an inch thick. It is grasped at one end, and thrown with the curved edge forward, as if to strike the ground in front. Instead of doing so it ascends vertically to a considerable height, then commences to retrograde, passing over the head of the thrower, and falling behind him. It is a missile used by the Australian savages for the killing of small game. They are remarkably expert in the use of it. 2d. The mode in which water will leave the mouth of the spout must depend on the shape of the spout. In itself the water is only affected by the law of gravitation, but by its mobility it readily accepts any special motion given it by friction with the spout, and will curve spirally to the right or left, or flow out straight, according to the conditions of this force. 3. They do increase the draught. Their rotation, produced by the outflow of hot air, has a drawing effect on the air throughout the chimney, and thus aids its upward movement. 4th. To all appearance a few days would exhaust the molasses. And a few more days might exhaust it to reality. But theoretically were the molasses a perfectly mobile fluid, and thoroughly mixed with the syrup, it would never become exhausted. One-third of the molasses would be used the first day, one-third of the remainder the second day, and so on for an infinite series, the fraction of molasses that remains becoming smaller every day, but never becoming equal to nothing.

G. C., (Ohio,) writes: "Will you be so kind as to answer the following questions? 1st. How is the word Mobilier pronounced? I have searched several dictionaries, but could not find the word. 2d. Is Harwell's work on Book Keeping considered the best, or are you acquainted with the work? 3d. Which Violin Instructor do you think is the best for new beginners?" 1st. Pronounce Mo-beel-ya. It is a French word, meaning moveable, and could not be found in English dictionaries. It bids fair, however, to become Anglicised in pronunciation. 2d. We do not know the work. 3d. You had best apply to a music store, where you will be likely to receive better information than we could give you on the subject.

E., (St. Louis, Mo., writes: "1st. Can you inform me where the Magian Idolatery originated? I mean before its introduction into Arabia. 2d. Do you think it wrong or unlady-like in a lady to send to a gentleman a sentimental valentine? 3d. Do you think we will have a very late spring? 4th. Candidly, do you think I will ever make a good writer? I still go to school, and have been told that I would." 1st. The Magi were priests of the ancient Medes and Persians. We are not aware that their teachings were ever introduced into Arabia. 2d. Not wrong. And just as allowable as many other modes of showing a preference. 3d. Your own instinct must be your guide. "Probabilities" only prophesies for the next day. We must decline to prophesy for the next season. 4th. We think you will, with proper effort.

MRS. R. H. F., (Mack's Creek, Mo.,) wishes to know if "Cosmo's travels in South America" have ever been published in book form. If not, will you publish them?" They have not been published in book form, nor can we undertake to publish them, a book publishing is out of our line of business.

THE MISSES IGNORANCE, (Dallington, Pa.), writes: "Please answer these questions through correspondents' column: 1st. How was the Atlantic cable laid under water? 2nd. How many acres does Fairmount Park contain? 3d. Is President Grant's log cabin at Fairmount the one he lived in when a boy, or one he had in the army? 4th. Who is President Judge of Buck's County? 5th. Why is it that some ink, after being frozen, is blacker than before, and some is paler? 6th. What denominations set apart Wednesday, Thursday and Friday as a day of worship? 7th. Where is Danbury State and county? 8th. What is the motto of California, New York, and also of Pennsylvania? 9th. What is the first name of the Pennsylvania State Superintendant? His last name is Wickersham. 10th. If a gentleman wishes a young lady's photograph, is it proper for her to give it to him if he does not give his first? 11th. What is President Grant's wife's first name? Also, was she Irish? 12th. Had Washington any children? If he had, are they living, and how many? 13th. Had Horace Greeley two sons? 14th. What do you think of my spelling and writing? 15th. What is the name of the king of the Sandwich Islands?" 1st. By the aid of large vessels, from which it was gradually run out as they proceeded over the desired route. 2nd. Nearly 6,000. 3d. It is the one he occupied while besieging Richmond. 4th. You certainly have better opportunities than we of learning the names of your own county officials. 5th. So far as our experience goes, there is no change produced in it by freezing. 6th. No denominations, to our knowledge. 7th. There is no Danbury State or county. 8th. The motto of California is Eureka; of New York, Excelsior; of Pennsylvania, Virtue, Liberty and Independence. 9th. We do not know. 10th. That depends on circumstances, and very greatly on her inclination. 11th. Mrs. Grant's maiden name was Julia T. Dent. She is a native of St. Louis. 12th. He was childless. 13th. We believe he had three. 14th. They are passable. 15th. The newly-elected king was named Prince Lunalilo. He has taken the title of Kamehameha VI.

[Several letters are held over to be answered in our next.]

RIDDLER.

Charades, Riddles, Problems, etc., must always be accompanied by their answers, or they will not be published.

All who take an interest in this column are respectfully invited to contribute.

ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 31 letters.
My 2, 10, 4, 9, 3, is Heaven's first law.
My 21, 6, 25, 2, 28, 9, is a division of the Eastern Continent
My 1, 24, 16, 4, 15, 20, is a town on the Thames.
My 5, 29, 20, 31, is an institution for keeping money.
My 22, 12, 30, 17, 16, is a noted poet.
My 21, 11, 5, 29, is the place of banishment of a noted person of Europe.
My 8, 29, 26, 9, 10, 7, is a battle in which Napoleon was engaged.
My 18, 11, 6, 13, 27, is a musical instrument.
My 23, 27, 29, 14, is a relative pronoun.
My 19, 29, 14, 9, is a girl's name.
My whole is the name and residence of a noted novelist. CLARA.

BIRDS IN THE CLOUDS

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

In a saucepan, serve up the soup.
My pet rely upon me.
The Turk eyed him closely,
Jane must learn,
How happy every little child,
Man, unless good, is miserable.
Ann, I asked you.
Pa, vote for me.
I left my muff in Charleston.
John is a good man, a kind husband.
Fagin and Uriah Heep.
Sam is an odd young man
To go to Tamaqua, Illinois.
Sambo was a brave negro.
My hens nip every bud.
Did you ever see a wasp in Kansas?
Keep your dust in town.
The cows wandered far away.
Kate, Alfred and Sue.
Conover, O. J. D. DAUPR.

WORD SQUARES.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I.

A sovereign.
A thought.
A structure which only a certain class of animals can make.
A kind of door.

II.

Tardy.
The contents of a surface.
A secretion.
A nobleman. BERTHA.

ARITHMETICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A farmer, taking 100 bushels potatoes to market, sold the first 6 bushels thereof at 80 cents per bushel; after which sale he made four more sales, one after the other, increasing each time the number of bushels sold the previous sale in geometrical proportion ratio, whereof said first 6 bushels sold was the first term. But every subsequent sale he dropped 5 cents per bushel in the price. Thus, having sold the first 6 bushels at 80 cents per bushel, he sold the next lot at 75 cents per bushel, the third lot at 70 cents per bushel, the fourth lot at 65 cents per bushel, and the fifth lot at 60 cents per bushel. After which he sold the remainder of what he had left of said 100 bushels at 50 cents per bushel, and after laying out in town, for various merchandise bought, $2 82½ cents of this his potato money, he yet brought home $60 in cash. Can any mathematician tell me the number of bushels he had sold at the last sale at 50 cents per bushel? DELTA.

ANSWERS TO LAST.

ENIGMA—The Phantom of the Black Hills. ANAGRAMS—1. Hanover. 2. Munich. 3. Utrecht. 4. Bucharest. 5. Amsterdam. 6 Madrid. 7. Rochelle. 8. Cologne. 9. Sevastopol. 10. Florence. 11. Lucerne. 12. Granada.

WORD SQUARES—

I.	II.	III.
BEES	SIRE	IOTA
ELVA	ITEM	ODER
EVEN	REND	TERM
SAND	ENDS	ARMY

PROBLEM—8.33488 rods + rods.

RECEIPTS.

BEEF KIDNEYS STEWED.—Procure a couple of very fine beef kidneys; cut them in slices, and lay them in a stew pan; put in two ounces of butter, and cut into very thin slices four large onions; add them, and a sufficiency of pepper and salt to season well. Stew them about half an hour, add a cupful of rich gravy to that extracted from the kidneys. Stew five minutes; strain it, and thicken the gravy with flour and butter, and give it a boil up. Serve with the gravy in the dish.

TO BOIL A HAM SO AS TO MAKE IT VERY TENDER.—*Ingredients.*—A ham, half a pint of vinegar, cold water.

Mode.—Add the vinegar to the water, which should be just enough to cover the ham. Let it stew very gently, after it has boiled, a quarter of an hour to every pound; then take it out of the water, put it in the oven, and bake the same time.

TO MAKE FOUR QUARTS OF BROWN SOUP FOR SOUP.—Make an iron pot hot, and rub it six times across the bottom with garlic. Put in ten pounds of shin of beef, fresh killed, and a pint of water; let it stand by the fire for an hour, then add three-quarters of a pound of lean ham, three onions, three carrots, a small head of celery, four cloves, six all-spice, ten peppercorns, a tablespoonful of brown sugar, a teaspoonful of mustard, a teaspoonful of salt, a large black onion, and six quarts of water. Simmer and skim frequently, for six hours. Strain through a fine hair-sieve, that has been first dipped in cold water, into an earthen, uncovered pan, and, when cold, remove the fat. Stock is better, for all purposes, when fresh made; therefore, judgment should be used as to the quantity required, so as not to have much in reserve. When there is much, it should be boiled up every day.

VEAL OLIVES.—*Ingredients.*—Slices of cold veal, one egg, some thin slices of bacon, bread-crumbs, herbs, lemon-peel, mace, pepper and salt. A little nice gravy, seasoned with ketchup and mushrooms if they can be had.

Mode.—Rub the veal over with the egg, and sprinkle the bread-crumbs, &c., over, lay a piece of bacon on each and roll up tight, egg and bread-crumb over, and bake. Serve with gravy in the dish.

BOILED CUSTARD FOR SICKNESS.—Beat an egg with a heaped teaspoonful of sugar; stir it into a teacupful of boiled milk, and stir till it is thick; pour it in a bowl on a slice of toast cut up, and grate a little nutmeg over.

GINGER SNAPS.—One pint of molasses, one cup of shortening, simmer together, and turn hot into the flour, in which put two teaspoonfuls of soda, and a tablespoonful of ginger; put aside to cool, and when cold add more flour and roll out as thin as possible.

GERMAN PUFFS.—One quart of sweet milk, three well beaten eggs, two and one-half cups of flour, one and one-half cups of Indian meal, and salt. Bake in a quick oven in gem pans.